



THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. V

OCTOBER, 1919

NO. 4

Rudolph E. Schirmer

THE Editor is under the sad obligation of informing the friends of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY of the death of Mr. Rudolph E. Schirmer, at Santa Barbara on August 20th, 1919, after a long illness.

It is not here the place to point out Mr. Schirmer's far-reaching influence on American musical life as President of G. Schirmer, Inc. Comment in the pages of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY on his constructive powers and his business acumen as a publisher would have been extremely distasteful to him.

He conceived and created THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY because he considered the time ripe in America for such a magazine and because it was his second nature to do things for the art which he so loved and understood, regardless of cost and with indifference to commercial obstacles.

Perhaps the Editor did not succeed, confronted as he was by War conditions, in reaching and maintaining the standard of excellence set for THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY by its founder. In that case, Mr. Schirmer would never have voiced his disappointment with severity but he would have criticized the Editor in his quietly reserved yet stinging manner had at any time the idealistic purpose of his magazine been obscured.

Just how far he was willing to go to undermine any impression of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY as a Schirmer house organ, a few characteristic episodes may illustrate.

Soon after the first issue of the magazine, the publicity representative of a manufacturer of some highly lucrative article of commerce offered Mr. Schirmer several thousand dollars a year for the use of the back cover of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY. Much to the amazement of that gentleman, Mr. Schirmer promptly turned him down, amused at the mere suggestion that he might

prefer money to the Schirmer emblem with its motto: *Laborum Dulce Lenimen*.

On a prior occasion, when the physical appearance and character of the magazine were being tentatively discussed, the Editor, boldly testing, as he later on confessed, the idealistic motives of Mr. Schirmer, urged that Schirmer publications be rigorously barred from the section devoted to publishers' announcements. With but a moment's hesitation, Mr. Schirmer accepted this unprecedented condition. The Editor then relented—but had his difficulties to persuade Mr. Schirmer to do likewise.

Just at the time when his illness compelled him to take up his home permanently in Santa Barbara and to retire gradually from the active management of the business in favor of his beloved nephew, Mr. Gustave Schirmer, the Editor found Mr. Schirmer in a reminiscent mood. He described graphically, for instance, the Liszt *séances* at the Altenburg in Weimar. So graphically indeed, that the Editor immediately tried to enlist Mr. Schirmer as one of the contributors to THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY with a series of autobiographical articles.

The reply was negative: Mr. Schirmer was too sensitive of the possibility that his motives for such a contribution by the publisher of the magazine might be misconstrued. Perhaps, if his health had improved, Mr. Schirmer might have succumbed to the repeated entreaties from the Editor. At any rate, it is the latter's conviction that those proposed articles, written in Rudolph E. Schirmer's polished style, with his gift of observation, his culture as a man of the world, his love of the beautiful, his discriminating interest in the progress of our art and out of the richness of his acquaintance and friendship with so many artists, great and small, for more than half a century, would easily have been among the most entertaining, instructive and valuable contributions to his MUSICAL QUARTERLY.

THE MIRACULOUS APPEAL OF MEDIOCRITY

By CARL ENGEL

Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover, to show light at Calais.

—DR. JOHNSON.

AMONG the many injustices, in which the annals of mankind are so rich, there is perhaps none more cruel than the long-continued and unreasonable persecution of Mediocrity. To be sure, dear to the heart of mortal man, mediocrity has never lacked defenders of one sort or another. But they have always been either timorous apologists or double-faced opportunists. For, although mediocrity has been despised by many who thought themselves superior, it has been "used" by not a few of them. We might have pointed with pride to the wisdom of Horace, Rome's jovial bard of alcoholic bliss and female pulchritude, who sang so eloquently of, and for, *aurea mediocritas*, were it not that his haughty *Odi profanum vulgus* put him down as the cunning actor who filched applause from the gallery while playing to the boxes. And thus one of mediocrity's reputed chief-supporters stands revealed as the prototype of its fiercest foe, the Snob. This insatiable parasite, for whom no pleasure is too rare, no beauty too exquisite, has usurped prerogatives in a domain which he himself has circumscribed by bounds of his own making, and which, if you please, he has labelled "Art" and placarded with "None but the Chosen may enter!" Unfortunately, he has not constantly attended to the choosing with rigorous care; hence no end of confusion has arisen. And matters have become greatly complicated by the fact that he has permitted the hallowed precinct to be parcelled into smaller and supposedly choicer circles, through which an eager throng of the admitted fluctuates incessantly. To keep some semblance of order, the policing of the district has been entrusted to the Critic, who aims at proper segregation of his wards, and labors hard to establish the unimportant facts, that one group is nearer the center than another; that the vaunted exploits of some one are mere trespassing upon the heritage of a neighbor; or that certain centripetal aspirations of the outer ring must be discouraged and dismissed as futile. All of which to confirm the suspicion that we are not born equal, that no

man is free, and that the pursuit of absolute and ultimate happiness is vain. Yet, in spite of the Critic's indefatigable efforts, things have not been going well, of late, with our friend, the Snob. The battlements of his stronghold have been crumbling under missiles thrust from without, and something akin to revolution—a periodical house-cleaning—is threatening him from within. Light is beginning to dawn in quarters other than his alone; the sun of Mediocrity is slowly and majestically rising.

It is remarkable how this handful of Chosen Ones was able, for so long, to curtain the Greater Orb, and succeeded in blinding the rest of humanity with pretty strontia fires. Antique Athens under the Tyrant, mediæval Rome under the Pope, immortal France under *le Roi Soleil*, are but a few of the set pieces and pin-wheels with which the pyrotechnists have amused themselves and kept the multitude at a respectable distance. But the distance is spanned by the magic of democracy, and the multitude is coming into its own. With it, mediocrity is taking its rightful and dominant place in the world.

Whence the disparaging implication which the word "mediocrity" had assumed? Originally, in the Aristotelian sense, it was the true philosopher's highest ambition to attain a state of mediety, "equally removed from two opposite extremes." This presupposes, as Hobbes says, that "Virtue consisteth in Mediocrity and Vice in Extremes," the excess being possible in both directions, of good and of bad. Bacon still speaks of a thing that fails to satisfy, as falling "beneath mediocrity," which plainly shows what he understood to be the normal line of demarcation and the standard of desirability. But gradually a change took place. It was left for Southey, the crabbed laureate, to bluster out: "The mediocres in every grade aim at pleasing the public." Here we have it. Fie! for shame! and tut! So it is noble to please crowned heads, but a crime to please the public! Quite evidently, not every poet is so versatile as Horace. One cannot help feeling that Southey touched a very sore spot, and touched it rather rudely. The whole case hinges upon the question whether his statement, being true, does not justify the existence and practices of what he terms "the mediocres." And who are the mediocres, so-called? Southey probably would have subscribed to an opinion generally held among the occupants of the aforementioned sacred zone, namely, that man, as a representative of the species, is interesting only when he shows the animal that lurks in him, or when he approaches the superhuman. There are those who would restrict their interest to the rare instances when the two extremes meet—when beast and superman are blended, as in genius. Just think, how uncomfortable it would be to live with only brutish

dolts and brilliant cranks around us ! It is the plain "human, all-too-human" that makes our terrestrial globe so congenial an abode for all anthropomorphous creatures. Dear, dependable, and unadulterated man remains inveterately attached to his herd, and relies for his main support on the realization that he belongs to the Great Majority—that imposing body which cannot err. George Bernard Shaw, in a searching probe of anarchism, upbraids "Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, Mass." for the gentleman's suggestion that "The right of the majority is absolute." Indeed a splendid basis for the constitution of a State Socialistic country, familiarly known as Utopia. In its real meaning, however, the article has always existed and found application; only it should read: "The majority is absolutely right." Since safety seems to lie in numbers, mankind—pardonably resolved upon "safety first"—clings faithfully to mediocrity. And not without reward. Anæmic masses are warmed by mediocrity into cheerfully munching their daily bread; and their appetite is daily waxing for a larger slice of it.

Nay, they are going farther. They recently discovered cake, and are now bent on having the cherry on the tartlet.

Naturally, this presumption has created a great deal of disturbance in the sacerdotal pastry-shops. The vituperations have been many and bitter. While every one admits, although the heartless but reluctantly, that a state or condition may be unnecessarily bad, no one, outside of mediocrity, seems willing to concede that there is such a thing as the undesirably good. The result is utterly confounding. Whistler, who never minced matters, did so least when he wrote: "Mediocrity, flattered at acknowledging mediocrity, and mistaking mystification for mastery, enters the fog of dilettantism, and, graduating connoisseur, ends its days in a bewilderment of *bric-à-brac* and Brummagem." Pray, heed not the polished phrases, the felicitous choice of words, let not clever alliterations dim your vision; mark only the merciless indictment ! What an inhuman lot your "artists" are ! They seem to forget that the First Artist, being in the enviable position of finding himself without critics at the moment when he viewed his work, pronounced it good. Whatever later comment may have been passed on the correctness of this judgment, the work betrays the Master, and satisfaction with their own creations is not uncommon among men. How could it be otherwise: vanity is the root of all cavil. Only by the blessings of flattery are we enabled to preserve peace about us, and flattery begins at home. The obtrusive candor of a Whistler must necessarily lead to "the gentle art of making enemies"; and it would seem sometimes that friends and flattery are more essential

to success than is talent. At all events, talent must be born, whereas friends and followers can be made. With judicious and lavish publicity our advertising mediocrity has arrived at gaining a very considerable foothold. Society is a complex organism, in which each individual is rated according to the opinion that the others hold of him, while he is governed by the fear of that opinion. A *modus vivendi* has tacitly been accepted, known as politeness—or flattery, if you will; for the two are kin. The important thing is not that some object of our fancy be perfected, in shape, in color, or in tone, but that an opinion of the object be created, and that it be a politely favorable one. Mediocrity has realized this great truth, and, by working on its principle, is proving the practical value of flattery.

As to mediocrity “mistaking mystification for mastery,” the idea is preposterous. What mediocrity is doing, is to display the admirable courage of insisting that mastery, being distinctly an extreme of accomplishment, is reprehensible. We are returning to the sober tenets of Aristotle’s school. More than that. Allowing, to a certain degree, an excuse for “masterly” products, but wishing to make these the property of the many, instead of a privilege belonging to the few, mediocrity has shown that, by skillful reproduction, such treasures may be made accessible to all who care for them, and thereby lose the objectionable touch of particularity. Our machine-driven age has made this mystification completely possible, and some of the reproductions improve on the originals. The machine is mediocrity’s great ally. The picture of Mr. Whistler’s own mother, sepulchred in the catacombs of the Luxembourg, becomes eternized only when turned out on the rotogravure presses of our newspaper syndicates by millions of copies, to be given out as pictorial supplement on “Mother’s Day,” so that thumb-tacks may hold it on the wall of the humblest hut, to cover a weather stain. A thing of beauty should be a joy for everybody, and to make everybody share in it, mediocrity resorts to imitation. To all intents and purposes, imitation is fully as good as the genuine thing, if not preferable. It has generally the advantage of being cheaper, thereby coming within reach of the greater number. Through a reduction in cost, its acquisition demands a lesser sacrifice, and its loss is more lightly borne. Gratified desire and minimized disappointment are mediocrity’s great contributions towards worldwide serenity. Wander through the palatial grandeurs of the modern department store, look at the bargain counters that hold fair evidence of what the people think they want, and the astonishing ingenuity in the only useful art, the art of imitation,

will be instantly patent. The primordial longing to adorn our person and our home is kindled by a ravishing display of magentas and veridian greens, luminous and rich, to which we willingly succumb. Imitation is the keystone of the whole establishment. From imitation jewelry, imitation sealskin and imitation Hepplewhite, there is but a step to the stall where imitation music is for sale. And here, perhaps, we have mediocrity's finest and most humanitarian gift.

Mediocrity cannot be accused of ignoring the charm that "bright Apollo's lute" commands, as it has given us machine-made music and musicians. There are huge plants in every country, where aspiring youths are transformed into musicians, trained in all branches of their trade. By a patented process, some of these institutions contrive to obliterate any personal trait in their product, and impart to it the inestimable quality of being inoffensively commonplace. There are large and prosperous enterprises, where music is written to order and "hits" are turned out while you wait. A little cash will tap the tun of liquid notes, and the strong waters from the still of men, maligned as musical moonshiners, will freely flow for him who has the necessary price and innocence. Music has its factory patterns of modulation and cadence; it has harmonic progressions and melodic "twists" which bear the characteristics of slang, or again resemble the glib and inane prattle of fops. Now, slang forms the only intelligible medium of expression for a surprisingly large number of people, who take the hurdles of grammar with the same unconcern with which they will pass over a piano which is out of tune. "How to play pieces in ten lessons" is no longer a secret held by the few, and disclosed by them at fifty cents per revelation; most pieces devised *ad usum populi* are wisely made to resemble each other so much, that one lesson may suffice to know them all. While our unsophisticated amateurs will grant trifling differences between the melodies of one and the other of these compositions, they are content that the accompaniment should remain the same for all of them. Exaggeration?—possibly. There are always those with "classic leanings," who closely distinguish between the bass of one Beethoven sonata and that of another, and play all of them with equal accuracy and the same impassiveness.—And what of the high-flown speech affected by our musical pioneers and coxcombs? What is advance and evolution, what is empty flourish and cryptic apery? Anything that defies understanding is undefeasible. Music of the fourth dimension must naturally sound a little strange to an ear that has not reached the requisite stage of development. But all modern music that is essentially "queer" is good—for the time being. Exaggeration?—most

likely. There remain always those who bid you read metaphysics and theosophy into these works; who play them all with the same acuteness of divination and equal want of persuasiveness.

Mediocrity is in a fair measure rectifying all this. There is under way a process of levelling that will inevitably establish a "happy mean," in music as in all other things. The community is taking a hand in such matters; enthusiasts are arousing the citizens to join in public "sings," and give the inarticulate soul of the People its first opportunity for self-expression by untying the vocal cords of the crowd. What these laryngeal sports may lack in style, they more than make up for in vogue. Anyhow, style being something that is often difficult to attain, mediocrity has resolved to rank it among the undesirable extremes, and has substituted fashion in its stead. Of course, it must take some time until the wisdom of this step will be apparent to all, and it is not surprising, therefore, that Debussy the critic, with an eye on the imitators of Debussy the composer, wrote in the *S. I. M.*:

The thousand little customs to which an epoch submits, apply to all the world; and this is wholly arbitrary, since they serve, most often, only a single person. Let us illustrate this assertion by a rather homely example: A man with a large head finds, after long meditations before the mirror of his hatter, a shape of hat which seems to make the size of his head appear smaller, and naturally he adopts it; what is less natural is that you see immediately other people (nor are they all idiots) wear hats which make them look ridiculous. We'll be told that this is a matter of fashion, not of taste. This is not quite true. Fashion and taste are very closely related, at least so they should be; and if we consent to be ridiculous in the choice of a hat, there is good reason to be sure that this ridicule will extend over everything that has to do with taste, including that of music, the most delicate to define.

But taste should not be discussed, unless kept above discussion. In spite of what Debussy may have thought, or Hazlitt written in his caustic essay on "Vulgarity and Affectation," fashion, and fashion alone, is the thing. Mediocrity has clearly recognized the fact, and has accordingly set its stamp of approval on everything that is ruled by fashion. Music, in turn, has undergone this wholesome subjection and is a great deal better for it, or at least the public is. For while it may not always be easy to distinguish good art from bad, one is sure to know fashionable art, and therefore to be more "*à la hauteur du temps*." Here again, mediocrity is taken to task by the high bonzes in the temple-yard for a display of what is malevolently called "dilettantism."

Is dilettantism really so odious as the painter of "Battersea Bridge" would have us think? Was he not too severe, and did he

not mistake a blessing for a bane? It would seem so, if we believe Paul Bourget, the accomplished romancer and sympathetic portrayer of the poor victims of wealth and culture. Modern society and its peculiarities have received his special attention. Shrewd diagnostician that he is, he could not fail to see the importance of dilettantism to-day, and he pronounces himself with no uncertain voice when he claims that "dilettantism is a logical product of our contemporary society. Before acting upon it, dilettantism results from it." He tells us, furthermore, that the dilettante, instead of fighting for art, accepts it; and Bourget adds: "But this is precisely what makes of dilettantism a new sort of dialectic, thanks to which our intelligence shares in the infinite fecundity of things." The able advocate, who is cutting one coat to fit both *des Esseintes* and the *boursier parvenu* of the Avenue Malakoff, might have qualified for admission to the Tailors' Union, had he not preferred to be identified with the French Academy. There is too much fighting in the world, as it is, and it would be most welcome if it could at least be kept out of peaceful pursuits. The dilettante fulfills a pacifying mission, and he should be encouraged in not only accepting, but in taking for granted, certain things in art and life, which art is too vast and life too short to "verify" or fight for. There are charming dilettanti who read their Ruysbroeck, if mystically inclined, play Monteverdi and Stravinsky for their pastime, who discourse intelligently on Kou Kai-tche or Hokusai, and yet have escaped reading "Les Misérables," never heard "The Messiah," and stayed eight-and-forty hours in Amsterdam without going to see "The Night Watch" at the Rijks-Museum, but sampled instead the various drams of Messrs. Erven Bols and Wynand Focking *in loco quo*. Thus the dilettante, taking delight in what is more finely attuned to his individual pitch and personal key, soon graduates "connoisseur," a term as variedly shaded and graded as are the different shades and grades of "*bric-à-brac* and Brummagem" to which his heart is drawn by preference.

The connoisseur has the great advantage of speaking with authority; and since authority lends dignity to a person, another mark—once the distinguishing cloak of a few—becomes the uniform garb of all modern arbiters in matters artistic. So long as the multitude was kept from sitting in the Areopagus, the judges pronounced their verdict with blind disregard for the opinion of the masses. Now this is changed. Official panegyrists or detractors take their cue from the more dependable promptings of income-tax rumors. Public favor, as expressed in box-office offerings, has become the accepted criterion. And the influence of public favor reaches farther.

The talking machine and player-piano, among other devices, have been of inestimable assistance to mediocrity, by enabling it to assert, directly and in unmistakable manner, its own preferences in music. No matter what the snob may decree hereafter, mediocrity will no longer depend on him for guidance, but reach out and take what it likes. No royal or imperial court will set the tone, no plutocracy monopolize the highest-paid virtuosi. Sound-reproducing instruments have been improved to a point that borders on the incredible. But being mere imitation and multiplication, they avoid coming under the head of undesirable exclusiveness. In the pleasant intimacy of the home, the Victrola and Pianola offer an inexhaustible source of diversion and education. The members of the family form an audience more keenly discriminating for the variety of labels and the price set on each brand. A generation of musical connoisseurs is in the making, raised by imaginative press agents, by enterprising publishers and manufacturers, and by performing automata.

Imitation again—and of a wonderful sort—is at the root of the most remarkable flower of mediocrity's cultivation: the moving pictures. All classes, acknowledging the bankruptcy of conversation, have become their fervent devotees. An invention which might have easily degenerated into the prime recorder of truth, has been wisely turned to serve the ends of fake and fiction, to the accompaniment of similarly treated music. A "Battling Bully" whips his brat to the tune of one of Wagner's hammering heroes. Genuine blossoms are broken and strewn in the path of the public, that is not easily deceived, and knowingly winks at these paper petals, while it inhales from artificial bloom the aromatic perfumes of Cathay. Illusion celebrates its greatest triumph. The Muses on Olympus, old and weary, are welcoming a tenth and youngest sister, "Pseudo," who is preparing to take over all the work of her nine elders.

There is progress in other fields. The antiquated, stuffy "salon" with its tedious dissertations and amiable chatter, has been abolished in recognition of the fact that the body needs exercise more than the mind. *Thés dansants* and supper dances are creating a demand for ever-new and inspiring strains. What aimed to be soul-stirring, must now be body-moving. Nothing is permitted to grow stale, and mediocrity is exhibiting a baffling fertility to keep up the supply.

Much to the confusion of snobbish ethnologists and folk-lorists, a new voice of the people is making itself heard more and more clearly; a voice not marred by "indigenous" accents, but rich in

superb melodic inflections, pulsating with unparalleled rhythmic swing, and which, at its best, is matchless. The pronounced exoticism of a good deal of this music is self-evident; but is it not more Asiatic than African, and does it not perhaps hark back to Palestine rather than to the Congo? It is a fascinating mixture, this unique idiom, wherever it may come from. There are rags that are mysterious, there are others that are grand. The peculiar art of "ragging" may be a mania, but it is surely not more singular than was the 18th-century craze for *fioretti* and *gruppetti*. One is rhythmic eccentricity, the other was melodic surfeit. We may safely rely on mediocrity to take care of all excesses and to restore the equilibrium, when the proper time arrives.

What few singers and players are left, whose accomplishments might transgress the measure of mediocrity in the direction of unnecessary artistic ability, show in the making of their programs that they know how to side-step all danger. Great names have given succor to the cause, and the greatest have become the shibboleth of rural vastnesses. How far we are from the days when Fanny Burney wrote to her dear "daddy Crisp":

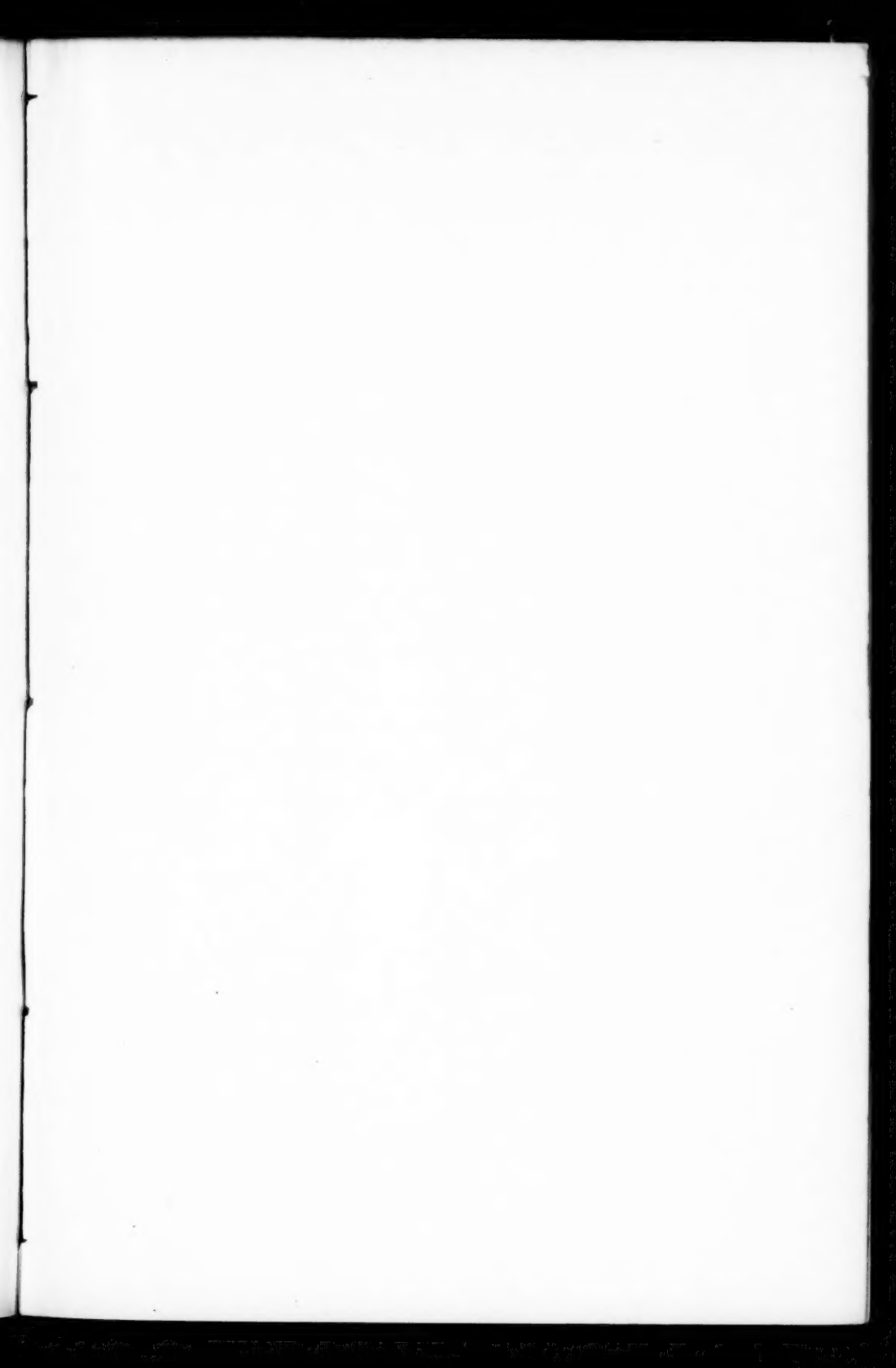
There is at this moment no such thing as conversation. There is only one question asked, meet whom you may, namely: 'How do you like Gabrielli?' and only two modes, contradictory, to be sure, but very steady, of reply; either: 'Of all things upon earth!' or 'Not the least bit in the whole world!'

The favored and select who, once upon a time, passed such judgment on an admired artist, have been multiplied beyond counting, divided still though they be on the merits of this or that popular "record" or "film."

Popularity is mediocrity's all-powerful lure. It is the highest test of efficiency, and the supreme reward that the populace offers any one who succeeds in pleasing it. With thrones and crowns disappearing at a dizzy pace, the "poet laureate" is no longer required to sing the legendary deeds and virtues of royal personages. His attention is claimed wholly by the Sovereign People and their needs. What they need to-day, as much as they did in ancient Rome, is "*panem et circenses*"—food and amusement! As a purveyor of the latter, mediocrity is earning more laurels, not to mention shekels, than scoffing Robert Southey did. We have done with the disdain and pride of a Gavarni, who said: "*C'est parce que je suis du peuple que je hais la populace*," and did not even see fit to mitigate his statement by a Horatian word in favor of mediocrity, golden or other. He was in London when the French revolution of 1848 broke out, and wrote to one of his friends in Paris:

Ah, you take the populace for the people! You want to establish a communism between decent kind and the rabble, and is it enough that one be sufficiently *pas grand'chose*, to have the right to a gun? Very well! You have sown shot-guns and you'll reap gun-shots. Plant, my dears, trees of liberty; partake as brothers from the banquet food; sing those revolutionary hymns to the glory of the People, and then reckon up how much money, earned by the work of workers, it will take to pay for the sloth of soap-box orators.

Such apprehensions, not infrequently voiced in our own day, seem altogether groundless. *Sansculottes* and Bolsheviki may have found it incumbent for reasons best, and perhaps only, known to themselves, to destroy a great many works of art. That does not mean that they have seriously attempted in the past, or intend in the future, to eliminate all artistic power of creation. Art, in a soberly mediocre degree and imitative way, will doubtless be tolerated and encouraged in the most democratic state, in so far as it may contribute to the pleasures of the people. Those who will recklessly insist on surpassing the official limitations of originality and excellence, will be punished as heretofore, only more relentlessly, by having their work relegated to the museum or to the shelves of the library, while not a few of the worst offenders will be made to suffer in mind and body for their arrogant crime of being "different"—in the *Stendhalien* sense. The wiser ones—inspired by Pseudo, the Universal Muse—will do well to heed the imperious call of vindicated Mediocrity.



ORDER OF SERVICES

AT THE

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

ON THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1836.

PRAYER.

By the Rev. EZRA RIPLEY, D. D., of Concord.

ODE.

By the Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN, of Charleston, S. C.

FAIR HARVARD! thy sons to thy Jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival-rites, from the Age that is past,
To the Age that is waiting before.
O Relic and Type of our ancestors' worth,
That hast long kept their memory warm!
First flower of their wilderness! Star of their night,
Calm rising through change and through storm!

To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our free-roving years,
When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed
And our sisters had blest, through their tears.
Thou then wert our Parent,—the nurse of our souls,—
We were moulded to manhood by thee,
Till, freighted with treasure-thoughts, friendships, and hopes,
Thou didst launch us on Destiny's sea.

When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what kindlings the season gives birth!
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than descend on less privileged earth:
For the Good and the Great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have musingly trod,
As they girded their spirits, or deepened the streams
That make glad the fair City of God.

Farewell! be thy destinies onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give,
With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,
And for Right ever bravely to live.
Let not moss-covered Error moor *there* at its side,
As the world on Truth's current glides by;
Be the herald of Light, and the bearer of Love,
Till the stock of the Puritans die.

DISCOURSE,

By the PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

PRAYER,

By the Rev. JONATHAN HOMER, D. D., of Newton.

DOXOLOGY.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

BENEDICTION.

"FAIR HARVARD": IRISH ORIGIN OF THE TUNE

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

IT is now more than eighty-three years since the Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., wrote his song of "Fair Harvard" for the "Centennial Celebration" of Harvard University. To be strictly accurate, the Harvard song was written for the 200th anniversary of the founding of Harvard. As is well known, this famous American University was founded in 1636, and after 200 years it was felt that a school song was a desideratum. Hence, for the celebration on September the 8th, 1836, the Rev. Samuel Gilman wrote the song of "Fair Harvard," which is the recognized or official school-song, just as "Dulce Domum" belongs to Winchester College (England). This song was set to the air associated with "My lodging is on the cold ground," and it was published in a harmonised form, in music score, by T. Comer, being "entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1857, by Oliver Ditson and Company, in the clerk's office of the District Court of Mass."

Through the extreme courtesy of my friend, Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard, I am enabled to present the readers of *The Musical Quarterly* with a facsimile of the original printed copy of the song from the Programme of the celebration in 1836. Professor Kittredge's accompanying letter is so interesting that I reproduce it:—

8 Hilliard Street,
CAMBRIDGE.
January 16, 1917.

Dear Dr. Grattan Flood:—

Harvard University was founded in 1636. In 1836 it celebrated its 200th anniversary. "Fair Harvard" was written for that celebration. It is the recognised Harvard song, sung on all festal occasions. I enclose a facsimile of the printed official Programme of 1836, which I have had made for you from a copy preserved in our library. The song was written in a house in Cambridge now known as Fay House, and now belonging to Radcliffe College—the Women's College affiliated with Harvard University.

Yours faithfully,
G. L. Kittredge.

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This preamble sufficiently sets forth the *raison d'être* of the song which is perfectly familiar to three generations of Harvard students. However, it may be well to give a very brief notice of the Rev. Samuel Gilman.

Samuel Gilman was born at Gloucester, Mass., on February 16, 1791, and graduated at Harvard in 1811. From 1817 to 1819 he was a tutor in his old University, but in the latter year he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Congregation at Charleston, South Carolina, and, in the same year, married Carolina Howard, also of poetic fame. He remained as Pastor of Charleston till his death, at Kingston, Mass., on February 9, 1858. Many of his hymns have become popular in Unitarian and Nonconformist Churches, especially his "O God, accept the sacred hour," "We sing thy mercy, God of love" and "Yes, to that last command."

And now for the source of the tune to which "Fair Harvard" was set. This tune is none other than the old Irish air familiar to most concert-goers in Tom Moore's setting of his delightful lyric, "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms," published in 1810.

English writers, following the lead of Chappell, claim the air as "English," on the strength of its appearance in *Vocal Music, or the Songster's Companion*, in 1775. Chappell's authority has misled many subsequent "tune-ologists"; and I regret to add that even Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who ought to have known better, has tamely followed this English writer.

In *Vocal Music* (1775) the tune appears as set to "My lodging it is on the cold ground," a song originally written by Sir William Davenant, and sung by Moll Davies in *The Rivals*, in 1668. The air in this scarce collection is not the original air composed by Matthew Locke, in 1665, but the Irish air variously known as "As fada annso me" (Long am I here) and "The Gentle Maiden," as heard by Bunting from the old Irish harpers, and which was known to some of them as far back as 1745.

Locke's air held the field from 1665 to 1770, and it then was replaced by the Irish air to which the song of "My lodging it is on the cold ground," has ever since been sung. For the purpose of comparison, I herewith subjoin Locke's air of 1665, and the Irish air of 1770. The older air is now only to be found in antiquarian collections, while the latter air, especially as adapted by Tom Moore to his lyric "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms," in 1810, and as linked to "Fair Harvard," in 1836, enjoys a considerable vogue.

1. My lodg-ing it is on the cold ground

Composed by Matthew Locke, 1685

My lodg-ing it is on the cold ground, And oh! ver-y hard is my
fare— But that which troub-les me most is The un-kind-ness of my
dear. Yet still— I cry, O turn love, And prith-ee love turn 'to me— For
thou art the man that I long for And a-lack what re-me-dy—

2. My lodg-ing it is on the cold ground

Vocal Music. 1775

My lodg-ing it is on the cold— ground, etc.

It will be seen at once that Locke's air is quite different from the Irish air which has supplanted it. Therefore, the point at issue is as to the source of the air published in *Vocal Music*, in 1775. Chappell and his copyists claim the air as "English," but I back up Bunting and Tom Moore as to its Irish provenance.

To begin with, although *Vocal Music* is fairly accessible, yet it is not to be regarded as the earliest printed source of the air. Thomas Carter, of Dublin (1734-1804), the composer of "O Nanny wilt thou go with me," "The Carillons of Dunkirk," etc., published the Irish air in 1773, two years prior to the appearance of *Vocal Music*. No doubt, he had been familiar with the air in Dublin since the year 1760. Another composer, Tommaso Giordani, who heard the air in Dublin, in the years 1764-1771, published an arrangement of it in 1776. Even Tom Moore's memory

of the tune must have gone back to 1770—certainly before the year 1775.

Chappell was evidently unacquainted with Carter's setting of 1773, and he rather disingenuously endeavours to discount the Irish association of the tune with Giordani's arrangement of 1776, by observing that "Giordani went to Dublin in 1779." This statement may have been made in good faith, yet there is abundant evidence that Giordani went to Dublin in 1764, and spent seven years in the Irish capital, until 1771, but returned from London in 1779, and remained in Dublin until his death in 1806. Thus Giordani must have been familiar with the Irish air, long before its appearance in *Vocal Music*; and it so impressed him that he introduced it as the Larghetto movement of his Third Concerto for the Harpsichord (op. 14), which was published in 1776. A third version of the air was published by Aird of Glasgow—merely the melody, without any indication of its source—in 1778.

3. My lodging is on the cold ground

Aird's Selection, 1778



But it may be urged that though the air was arranged by Carter and by Giordani, there is no definite proof as to its being Irish. In fact, Chappell says that Tom Moore was the first to claim it as Irish, in 1810. Fortunately, a protracted search among dusty files of old Dublin newspapers reveals the interesting fact that in September, 1778, was advertised: "My lodging it is on the cold ground," the said publication being described as: "A favourite IRISH song as sung by Signor Rauzzini." I also discovered that Signor Rauzzini sang at the Rotunda in Dublin, from May to September, 1778, and gave lessons to young Michael Kelly, subsequently selected by Mozart for the parts of Basilio and Don Curzio at the inaugural performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* (May 1, 1786). But, more important still, I recently secured a copy of this rare half-sheet song, issued by Anne Lee, the widow of Samuel Lee, of No. 2 Dame Street, Dublin. However, save for the imprint and the statement as to the Irish origin of the melody, the music

is the self-same as in Carter, in *Vocal Music* and in Giordani, previously described.

4. My lodging is on the cold ground

A favourite Irish Song

Anne Lee, 1778



Five years later, in 1783, the Irish air was published in a Dublin musical periodical, Walker's *Hibernian Magazine* (October 1783), and was headed "The Irish Mad Song." This setting is the same as that published by Anne Lee, and by an Irish firm in London¹—Katherine Fentum, in 1781—as a sheet song, entitled "MY LODGING, a favourite Mad Song." Walker's title adds: "As sung by Signior Rauzini [*sic*] at the Rotunda." Not long afterwards, in 1785, John Hill of No. 8 Mary Street, Dublin, issued "My lodging is on the cold ground": A favourite IRISH air as sung by Signor Rauzzini." This same version appears in Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* headed: "The Irish Mad Song," in 1788. It is of additional interest to note that it was from the *Hibernian Muse* Tom Moore took his version of the Irish air.

Thus, in addition to Carter's (1773), Giordani's (1776), and Aird's (1778) versions of the air, all of which give the melody only, we have five song settings of the air in Irish collections, and described as "Irish," between the years 1778 and 1788; that is, the song and air as published by Anne Lee (1778), Fentum (1781), Walker (1783), Hill (1785), and the *Hibernian Muse* (1788). To these may be added a version of the melody in O'Farrell's *Pocket Companion for the Irish or Union Pipes* (Vol. I. p. 74), issued in 1805.

Of late years some Scotch writers have claimed the tune for Scotland, in as much as it was adapted to a song: "I loe na a laddie but ane," which is published in the *Scots Musical Museum*

¹Mr. Frank Kidson, in his *British Music Publishers* (1900), says that "probably the Fentum family came from Ireland."

(1787-1804). However, this claim may be at once dismissed, as the Scotch song (by MacNeill) was not published till 1779, and was adapted to the Irish air of "My lodging is on the cold ground," which had already appeared in Aird's Collection in 1778. Moreover, Stenhouse candidly admits the Irish origin of the air; while Robert Archibald Smith includes it as Irish in his *Irish Minstrel*, in 1825. Even George F. Graham (1789-1867), one of the most cautious of Scotch musicologists, in his historical notes (1849), says that the melody of "I loe na a laddie but ane" is a "mere modification of the *Irish* tune called 'My lodging is on the cold ground'." More recently still, Mr. Alfred Moffat, a distinguished Scotch musician, includes the air in his *Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897).

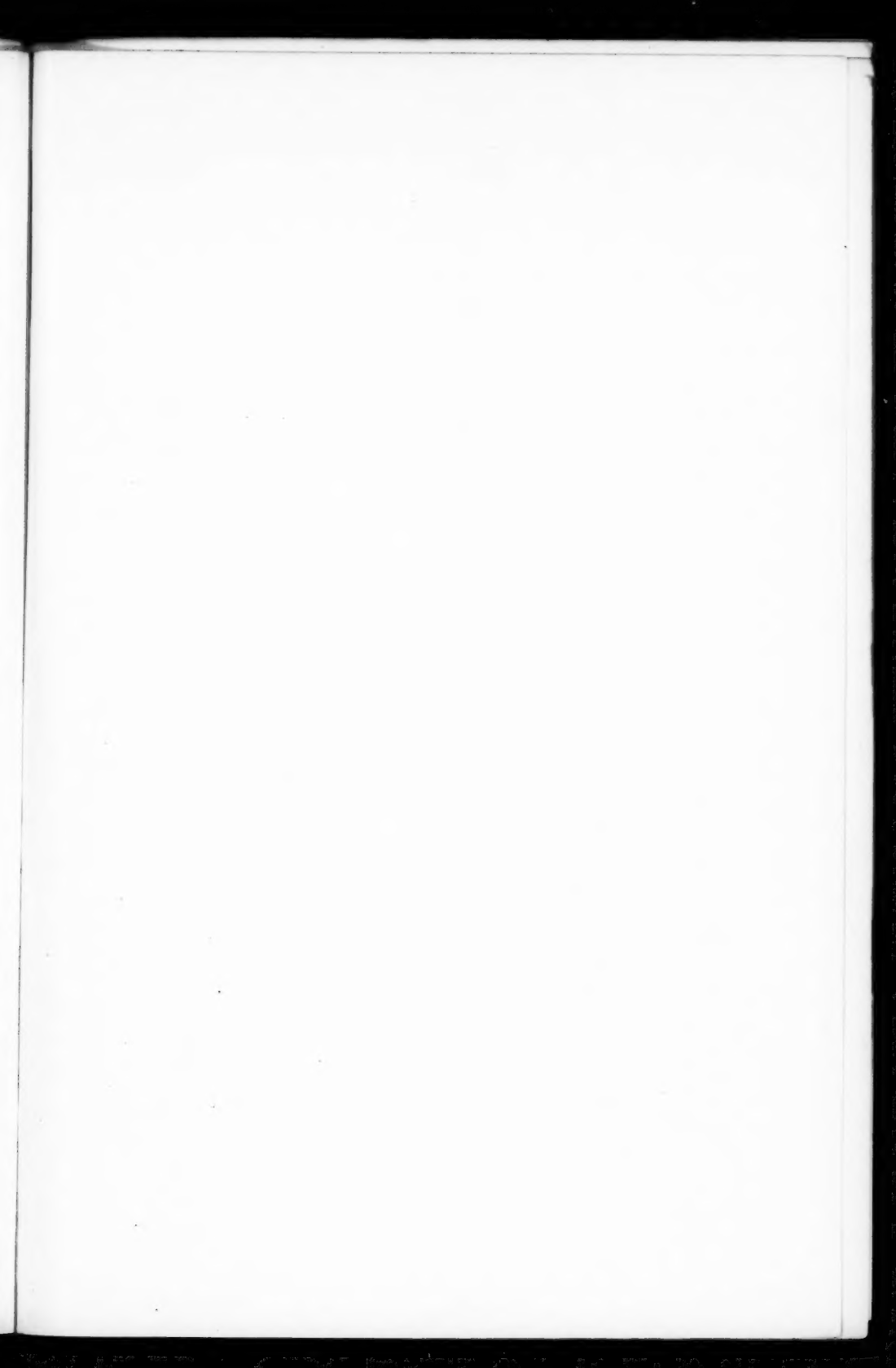
To sum up, the evidence for the Irish origin of the tune of "Fair Harvard," (which I give as No. 5) is overwhelming, and can no longer be in question. The great weight attached to Chappell's

5. Fair Harvard

1936

Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy Ju-bi-lee throng, And with blessings sur-ren-der thee
o'er, By these fes-ti-val rites, from the Age that is past, To the
Age that is wait-ing be-fore. O'Rel-ic and Type of our
an-ces-tors' worth, That hast long kept their mem-o-ry warm! First
flow'r of their wil-derness! Star of their night! Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm.

name has been a pitfall for writers during the past 50 to 60 years, and, as a matter of fact, quite a number of his so-called "English" airs are now incontestably proved to be Irish, *e. g.*, "The Girl I left behind me," "The Dandy O," "Ally Croker," etc. Let it be hoped, then, that the present investigation as to the Irish source of the tune of "Fair Harvard" will emphasise the need for verifying Chappell's statements, and will help to clear away the mists that have for so long circled around the provenance of this charming Irish melody.





ERIK SATIE

In America, Erik Satie has until recently been known as the man who calls his music by funny names and who further adds ludicrous directions to the performer of his little piano pieces. Even in Paris the bearded and bespectacled founder of the modern French impressionistic school was, for a long time, only given credit for the composition of a few music-hall pieces,

but his friends, Maurice Ravel and Claude Debussy, have let it be known what they owe to him.

Satie was born in 1866. Twenty years later he was composing music in Paris, music wholly out of keeping with his period.

Satie, either by direct inspiration, or through imitation, began to ignore the modern scale system from the beginning. It is significant, for example, that he wrote music in the whole-tone scale before Debussy ever thought of doing so. That Satie furnished one of the necessary links between the music of the past and the music of the future, only a reactionary critic would attempt to deny.

Satie's music has charm of its own which may not penetrate into your consciousness at once but, in the end, quite takes possession of you.



ERIK SATIE

par ALFRED FRUEH

By courtesy of Mr. Alfred Frueh.

From the program of Eva Gauthier's Song Recital,
New York, March 12, 1919, of modern French and British composers.

ERIK SATIE AND THE MUSIC OF IRONY

By RUDHYAR D. CHENNEVIÈRE

AT a time like the present, when the most contradictory artistic tendencies are confounded in an appalling chaos, in which it is difficult to determine the great subterranean current out of which the future will gush forth, there is a certain interest in detaching a curious musical figure, that of Erik Satie; and of seeking to penetrate, from a historical as well as a purely musical standpoint, the meaning and value of the few works—mainly piano compositions—which he has written. I say “works,” though the word is a lofty one to use for the strange, short pieces which Satie—I am considering only the Satie antedating the *Parade*, his recent ballet, with which I am not acquainted—offers us. And the expression “musical works” would seem to be even less applicable, since Satie, who from the historic point of view holds an eminent place in the evolution of the *language* of music, is at bottom as little a musician as it is possible to be. Some have called Satie an “ironist.” And, in truth, the term may be said to apply to him. Yet has irony any musical value? Is not the phrase “the music of irony” absolutely meaningless? It is this fact which I would like to demonstrate here, and thus disengage the notably representative value, in a historical sense, of Erik Satie, who, after having served as the precursor of the Debussyian musical renovation—at least from a formal point of view—has become a “musical ironist,” and as such the representative in music of an intellectualism and individualism beyond measure, which has given us the art of these recent years, complex, sterile, as opposed to the profound and essential worth of true *Art*, whose values are synthetic and mystic, “synanthropic” values, I might say, based on the communion of humanity.

Erik Satie—as we have been informed in a well-considered article by Jules Écorcheville (S.I.M., 1911), whose noble and untroubled death on the field of battle was a great misfortune for international art—was born in Honfleur, May 17, 1866. His mother was of Scotch descent. He is said to have developed a great fondness for the liturgic chant at an early age, and would listen to it with delight for hours at a time. He studied with but scant success at the Paris Conservatory. And what must have

been the spirit controlling this worthy institution at the time, if we are to judge by what it is to-day! Satie stayed there several years, but the instruction given him seems to have affected him as little as the proverbial water did the duck's back. It cannot be said of him, as has been said, not without justice, of certain others, that his works show he had made up his mind to act in direct opposition to the Conservatory rules, which is only another way of following them. As soon as Satie begins to write (*Ogives*, 1886—*Sarabandes*, 1887—*Gymnopédies*, *Gnossiennes*, 1890), he revels in full liberty, one might even say in full anarchy, in entire originality; and we shall see that all else may be denied him, save and excepted the originality aforementioned.

These initial compositions are slow and solemn successions of seventh and ninth harmonies, indefinitely linked, occasionally yielding place to a processional of majestically perfect chords. Of plan of construction there is not a trace. There seems to be no reason why these chords might not continue for hours. One senses that their originator has dallied voluptuously with these sonorities, very lovely, unknown at the time and relegated to the index of forbidden dissonances. One feels that for hours at a stretch he has caressed the ivory keys, sounding them softly, then, little by little, with greater force; gloriously, then again more gently, allowing them to die away in ecstasy or satiety (in the latter, alas, only too often, from the listener's standpoint). One feels that the composer's sense of hearing, his nerves, vibrate sensuously, lulled by these infinite undulations of sound.

The Satie of these compositions seems to be a cerebral sensualist. And it is this, rather than the direct influence of plain chant, which has led him to string long rosaries of solemn chords; it is this which has drawn him toward the vague mysticism which with him, as with nearly all those of his own period, was essentially superficial: the neurotic mysticism of a voluptuous woman, transmuting unsatisfied sensuality into cerebral reveries. It was at the time when neo-mysticism and symbolism gushed forth from the solemn fount of *Parsifal*. The influence of the English Pre-Raphaelites had penetrated the youthful artists of France. The Sar Peladan was seeing visions, deciphering the hermetic arcana of the Chaldean magi. The souls of the cathedrals were being discovered. It was the epoch of long stations in minster naves impregnated with the glow of stained-glass windows of symbolic design. And its artists were too feeble to create a new mysticism, to lend a divine meaning to life, to think and to adore Eternity in them—to do that which offers itself as the arduous and splendid

task of the generation to-day wakening to its duty. These artists, weary of the "grand gesture" of romanticism, saddened by national defeat, incapable of understanding the meaning and grandeur of a civilization of the future, heralded by the noise and tumult of machinery, took refuge in the Past, in the mysticism of the Middle Ages. They allowed themselves to be lulled to rest by the religion of their childhood, by all that it offered them in the shape of atmospheric distance and reverie, seeking to find the true well-spring of this faith shrouded in the mists of passing centuries, in order to drink forgetfulness of self, and of their incurable nostalgia, and to lose themselves voluptuously in the oblivion of its waters. Wagner, no doubt, had pointed out this road to them, one swallowed up in the ecstasy of *Parsifal*, and the sombre pessimism and despair of the *Trilogy*. Yet *Parsifal* passes beyond Christianity; it is the product, not of an unbalanced nervous system, but of creative thought whose agony is prompted by mysticism. *Parsifal* is an expression of the supreme desire for a Future which is the hope of our dreams. Wagner was born too soon to see this future, too soon to actually "think" it; yet toward it his whole work reaches out with desperate magnificence.

It was those destined to realize "beyond Wagner" whom Wagner himself would have given so much to reach. They are sure to come, and that ere long. . . .

The generation of French symbolists ranged itself under the ægis of Bayreuth. Peladan wrote his *Le Fils des Étoiles*, a Chaldean Wagneresque, for which Erik Satie composed preludes (one of them given at the great *Métachorie* performance in the Metropolitan Opera House, April 4, 1917, under the title *Hymne au Soleil*). And to this period also belong *Sonneries de la Rose-Croix* (1892); *Upsud*, Christian ballet for one character (1892); *Danses Gothiques* (1893); *Prélude de la porte héroïque du ciel* (1894); *La Messe des Pauvres* (1895); and the *Hymne au Drapeau*, for Peladan's *Le Prince de Byzance*.

Here the monotonous alignment characteristic of the first works is somewhat broken. Satie continued to write outside the pale of tonality and rhythm: and this "atonality" is the great new thing of value which he gave music. These tonal combinations, most daring for that period, not only recall Debussy, but on occasion Stravinsky (as for instance the chords at the beginning of the second prelude to *Le Fils des Étoiles*). Side by side with them we find the greatest commonplaces and finally, to make incoherence still more confused, appear those improbable

annotations which, thenceforth, more and more frequently companion Satie's music.

It is vain to look for a trace of meaning in them. Among Peladan's mystic symbols they have an aspect of paltriness which puts speculation to flight. Whom or what is he ridiculing? Is it Peladan? Is it mysticism?

In truth it seems as though Satie has already commenced to ridicule himself, and that his pretended religiosity is no more than a farce by which he allows himself to be snared. What is his motive? Might it not be mere impotence?

It is easy, in fact, when our thoughts are confronted with the great mysteries, when they are anguished and terrorized by their tragic meaning, it is easy to turn aside and make light of them—a jest accounts for everything. It holds a suggestion for superiority, of decided elegance. Yet, in most cases, it is no more than a façade, a masque which has nothing to conceal, the fear of a vain impotence reluctant to admit defeat, and which prefers the raillery that is no more than a subterfuge to the chances of combat.

The decadents and other neo-mystics have acknowledged that life has beaten them; that they are powerless. And they have adorned their psychic adynamy with beautiful dreams, with fair vices and elegancies. Erik Satie has sought salvation in ridicule. And from the pseudo-mystic he seemed to be at the beginning of his life, he soon became a mere mystifier. The compositions he now writes are labeled with the most fantastic titles. We have *Pièces froides* (1897); *Morceaux en forme de poires* (1903); *Véritables préludes flasques, pour un chien* (1912). In 1913 he composed *Les Pantins dansent*, played in his own orchestration at the *Métachorie* festival in Paris, in December; his *Descriptions automatiques*, *Croquis et agaceries d'un gros bonhomme en bois*, *Chapitres tournés en tous sens*, followed by numerous pieces of the same kind. More and more the "literary" program—strange, to say the least—which appeared in the compositions of the earlier Satie, ostentates itself between their measures. At times it extends without interruption throughout the piece.

One might be inclined to think that the composer had meant to write a musical recitation. Not at all: in one of his last compositions Satie even specifies that his prose should not be read while it is played.

Are these annotations, then, merely intended to enlighten the intelligence of the pianist? Should this music, perhaps, be read, not heard? Is it meant to appeal to the individual alone, and not, as in the case of all music, to the many? Does it address

itself to a single mentality, and not to the sum total of intelligence? Does this music represent no more than a strictly individual pose, a clown's grimace before life's eternal verities? May this music, in short, be called music? Has ridicule any right to the name?

These numerous interrogation marks which Satie's compositions call forth lead us far beyond the mere personality of their author. The question takes on a wider scope and touches on the values of music itself. And first of all it compels us to exactly define the meaning and nature of irony.

Irony is essentially, and even in a unique manner, an intellectual fact (I use the term intelligence in its strict sense). And in a manner it stands for the bankruptcy of the intellect which, unable to pass beyond its own limitations and thrust back on nothingness, scoffs at its own and every other effort, and ridicules life, whose veritable and mystic essence it has been unable to penetrate. Irony is, in truth, the vitality of impotence. It is also, if one wishes, the triumph of pride over death, in the sense that the individual, refusing to perish, denies death as well as life, exalting himself in negation. For Irony is negation.

And since it is purely intellectual, it is, owing to this very fact, rigorously individualistic, for it is the intelligence which has shaped the idea of the individual. It is a negative and contemptuous attitude on the part of the individual toward life; a pose, be it brutal—as when it takes the form of sarcasm—be it elegant—when in the shape of delicate irony pure and simple—yet always, speaking in strictly human terms, unnatural and artificial.

For those to whom the individual is a godhead; those who regard existence as a defiance to nature, who are perpetually crying "No!" to Destiny, and who flatter themselves with the vain and arrogant illusion that they control her; for those who hold that the intellect is supreme, the enemy of instinct, disdainfully qualified as an animal trait; for those who drape themselves in their human, their purely human intellectuality, and as far as possible ignore that which lies beyond it, who renounce and mock it; for them irony is fitting, they may laugh their fill, and pride themselves in truth on the pride which is their idol, in that they are the only beings who may laugh, and glory in the very fact that they laugh at their own cosmic revolt.

Thus it is that every epoch, every agglomeration of beings where individualism dominates or exalts itself, where the individual stands for the ultimate expression of values, is also a focus of irony. There scoffers and caricaturists may be found in number. And it leads to incessant disparagement, to the jocosely verbosity

which, seemingly inoffensive, saps all sustained effort, every great quest, devours and poisons all healthy vitality of striving out of which destiny is so largely evolved; from which spring those ardent cosmic forces, the torrents of energy whose synthesis hides the souls of races; where the future is born.

Paris thus came to be a centre for this sterile individualism, this mundane irony. Too many talents, too many intellects were drawn together by the irradiation of thought proceeding from this unique and monstrous city. And the many brains thus assembled, owing to the lack of a normal, cosmic development brought about by keeping in contact with the soil, in touch with the soul of their race, have denied each other in common, mutually devoured each other, in an enervating atmosphere of mockery and envy, glorifying their fanatic individualism, superexalted to the point of a mad search for originality at any price. Of this typically Parisian spirit, mocking, facetious, fond of mystification, destructive and in most cases incapable of production, beyond compare when it comes to disaggregating and dissolving all force, all power, with a smile, Erik Satie is the very incarnation.

He is a typical product of the beginning of this century, of this exhausted civilization which jeers in order not to look death in the face. And he is the buffoon, who cracks his punning jokes in increasing number, pushing them to extravagance, in order to make the neurotic beings who march past him laugh despite themselves, these luxurious adventurers who flock to shake off their thoughts in contemplation of his poverty.

But nature had gifted Satie with the musician's sense of hearing. And thus the latter carries over raillery into music, and writes "the music of irony," the name so aptly applied to it by Valentine de Saint-Point. In so doing he denatures music absolutely, and this artistic contradiction is plainly shown by the fact that he has recourse to the aid of the written word to express his raillery with precision, thus creating a hybrid ensemble which no longer deserves the title of music.

Satie, an extreme individualist, writes for a few detached individuals, not for humanity at large, to him an object of derision. Only the pianist—or the cultured musician—is able to appreciate his irony to the full; since they only are able to read and hear at the same time. And this musical impossibility is, nevertheless, quite capable of explanation; since irony, being an absolutely intellectual product, voices an appeal to the *reader*. Yet it cannot be termed music; since music is not intellectual in its essence.

Satie, wishing to express irony, has been unable to satisfy himself by employing purely musical means. In vain he has pushed the intellectualization of his music to its limits; it did not suffice. He found it necessary to add a textual complement, to use words, since these alone are exact, and alone able to conform to the individualistic scheme.

In this way he has called into being an inchoate form for the sole use of a few musician "readers."

The fact is a good illustration of whither Satie's music tends, even though its contiguous prose were left out of account (which would be an unpardonable wrong, seeing that both evidently form a whole). The trend of Satie's music is toward intellectualism, exactness in narration and description; it tends toward language, used in its most strictly individual form, for purposes of raillery.

A savage intellectualism; a particularism carried to the extreme, in which irony and farce are mingled; an entire absence of all that is beyond a strictly human comprehension; and, in consequence, positive artificiality—such are Erik Satie's characteristics, in particular during the past twenty years, since he matured. And all this is the exact opposite of music and of art.

For art has neither meaning nor value, unless as a synthetic expression of life as a whole! Now, our intellect, our individuality, is but one of the elements of life as a whole, and not the most important, an element which in no case may *insist on* a predominant place for itself. It is an element which is even less able to serve as a substitute for the whole, unless it be under penalty of becoming a monstrosity of radical unbalance, impossible to legitimate or admit; since the universe at all its points tends ever toward balance as regards scope and duration, nothing possessing value save in the degree that it approximates equilibrium.

For centuries man has been a vital monstrosity. Exalting his intellect, conceived as the supreme value of a mechanical universe—that of Descartes and Newton, a universe of cadavers and automats—glorifying his individuality, priding himself on a freedom which actually and in fact cannot exist in the individualistic domain, modern man, the man of science, represents a continual defiance of life, which his impotence, vanity and ignorance bid him deride.

Music, more than any other art, owing to its very nature, evades the individualistic scheme and the scope of its limitations. Music, an art of permanency, the direct expression of vital development in its essential continuity, has laid upon it the positive duty

of rising above intellectualism, and above the individual, and in particular above the personality of the composer, whosoever he may be.

Beyond question the intellect has its part in music, as in every other art. The introduction of the intellectual element is necessary to the completeness of music; yet this element, an element of balance, may in no wise arrogate to itself a preponderating position, especially since, as in the case of the real Satie of the last phase, the resultant offspring is a bastard, and from the standpoint of art, nonsense. Since irony is strictly an intellectual individualist factor, any such thing as the "music of irony" must, to be consistent, be considered nonsense. There can no more be such a thing as "ironic music" than there can fail to be rational, that is to say genuine music, which has an absolute and enduring value.

Erik Satie's pieces have an individual and an intellectual value; they have no really musical value. Yet one thing is beyond question, and that is Satie's extreme originality. Yet may this be said to have a vital artistic value? Evidently not. In Art—as in Life itself, where results alone are valid, and effort is negligible—*the work alone counts; the artist does not*. And his work is not truly inspired unless it expresses the immortal soul of man. Now this soul does not change through the ages; judgments, individualities only are modified in accord with new means of expression and action. So that the work of genius is never original, since at bottom that which is new in it—its forms—is that which is least important. A work that is all originality is fatally superficial: it is the mere expression of individual peculiarity, often consciously insisted upon, on the part of impotence.

Satie's work represents originality only, like the major part of the artistic tentatives of this terminal epoch of our civilization. It is full of strange individual traits, it surpasses itself in exploiting their particularisms, formulating a doctrine and an art upon their physiological anomalies or, often the outcome of a craving for novelty at any price, continually attempting to do the opposite of that which is being done. In Erik Satie's pieces there is only—Erik Satie: the really human element is missing. Let us once more repeat that particularism is incompatible with art, and especially so with music, the most impersonal, the most soul-inspired of the arts. Hence, Erik Satie's works do not truly belong to Art in the veritable sense of the word; they do not belong to the great Art of humanity.

Yet if we leave this field, and take the historic point of view, if we study the evolution of the language of music, of form, of

expressional mediums; if from the human point of view we pass to the musicological, then we cannot but recognize the important part played by Erik Satie.

He has been, without any question, a precursor.

His *Sarabandes* anticipated those of Debussy by several years, and beyond doubt Satie helped to liberate Debussy from the old scholastic rules, and was able to act in his case as the small separating cause so often needed to set great issues acting.

Yet, service in this way is valuable only from the individualistic point of view; in reality it has but little meaning. It is time, in truth, that men begin to appreciate *works* themselves and not *what underlies them*. It is time that the shocking impudence of these posthumous biographical revelations anent great men come to an end. *There are no great men. There are only great works!* The great works are *not* the work of an individual. They represent the expression of an immense synthesis of forces materialized through the medium of an artist. Yet what matters the medium, this cosmic transformer? The artist plays the part of a phonograph. There are good phonographs and poor ones. Yet does that fact really affect the *absolute* value of the music registered? Of what importance is the protagonist, if hundreds of forces collaborate in his work? Of what importance is ever the individual? And is it not decidedly vain to investigate the paternity of a work or of an idea, when the work in itself is the only thing that counts?

Finally, as between the *Fils de l'Étoile* and *Pélleas et Mélisande*, there is the difference between the expression of a strange individuality and the tragedy of undying humanity. And what gives Debussy his value is not his harmonic processes; it is the fact that he has a great conscient soul, the synthesis of multitudes that are not conscient, a synthesis whose realization is a great work which will live.

Satie has found numerous ways and means before him unknown. Debussy has availed himself of some, Ravel of others. They are beyond question those which are least interesting. Satie, no doubt, draws from the fountainhead of many things, but it is the source of all that there is in the way of extremest originality, of singularity, of extravagance in French music of the time being; of all that there is in it which is trifling, finical, artificial. Satie is a well-spring; but one whose waters are poison.

The *Protagonist*, in truth, does not amount to much beside the *Realizer*—since all values must be measured according to the *intensity* of consciousness in eternity; and the germ is as nothing

beside the thought of humanity, that same germ which, nevertheless, contained its power. Yet—if to be the precursor of a formidable achievement is of undeniable worth, what may truly be said of the initiator of trends which are unhealthy and unfruitful?

And that is what Erik Satie has always been; and what he still is. Let us admit then that he may be of great interest to the musicologist, the historian; let us concede him the eminent place due him in the evolution of contemporary French music. Yet, if we are to consider his works from the sole point of view justified by Art, the point of view of the sum total of humanity that in them is, not even of super-humanity—since Art, like Life, should ever strive toward a more intense consciousness—we are forced to state that these works of Satie have only an infinitely limited value, musically almost null. For this will always be the case in music which, disdaining man's inmost soul, denying life, is no more than the particularist's expression of a narrow and distorted individualism, based solely on intellect.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens)

MUSICAL DISCREPANCIES

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

FOR the representation of sound in general, musical notation provides a medium as graphic as it is usually inclusive.

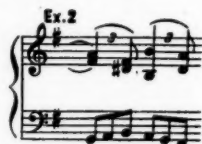
But this medium has its limitations both past and present. It has failed, and even now it occasionally fails, to indicate—or to make provision for the indication of—the precise manner in which certain passages of music have been, generally are, and always should be performed. These failures which, for the present, we will call “musical discrepancies,” are due to one of three causes; either the archaic character of the notation itself, the exigencies of execution, or some conventional or traditional method of interpretation.

To every intelligent reader it will at once be perfectly obvious that such differences between musical notation and performance as are due to the first of the foregoing causes are only to be found in the compositions of the older masters,—in works produced at a time when musical notation was still in process of development and musical engraving was crude and immature. Such an age was that of the 17th century and the earlier part of the 18th,—the age of Corelli, Purcell, Bach, Handel, and other musical giants. And as the works of the two last-named celebrities are now accessible in their original notation, and that to a greater degree than are the works of the earlier musicians named, we propose to take most of our illustrations from the compositions of the giant Saxon and the Leipsic Cantor.

A comparatively elementary acquaintance with the productions of the older masters will be sufficient to reveal two glaring inconsistencies in the matter of their musical notation. These so-called inconsistencies occur in regard to two very important features of musical notation, *viz.*:—the triplet and the double dot. The former irregularity we will exemplify by a quotation from Bach's Fugue in E minor, No. 34, of the Well-tempered Clavichord:



Here, according to modern reading, the 16th-notes in the upper parts should fall *after* the last note of the triplet in the bass. But according to the custom of Bach's age, this 16th-note was inconsistently played *with*, and not after, the last note of the triplet group. To secure this effect a modern composer would write



but such a notation as this was unknown in Bach's day. So here we have our first example of a musical inconsistency caused by an archaic or defective notation. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the comparatively frequent occurrence of this discrepancy in the works of Bach, *e.g.*, the Courante in B flat, from the 1st Partita; the Allemande in G, from the 5th Partita; the Tempo di Gavotta, from the 6th Partita; and the 26th Variation of the Aria con Variazioni in G.

This being granted, it might be well for us to allude to an important employment of this archaic notation by a modern composer, *e.g.*, Schumann, in his Novellette in F, Op. 21, No. 1, where we meet with the following:



the extract being usually performed as if written:



We presume that in this age of widely diffused musical knowledge most of our readers are perfectly aware that this is quite an exceptional case, modern composers almost invariably writing out in full the exact effect they desire to be produced. Consequently,

in most compositions written during the last century and a half, a combination similar to that shown in Ex. 1 is performed precisely as written, the notation of Ex. 2 being employed only when the final notes of the two dissimilar groups are intended to fall together.

That this opinion is not personal, but is held by some of the principal modern authorities on musical theory, the following quotations will fully demonstrate. In the latest edition of Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, Mr. Franklin Taylor, the well-known pianist, pedagogue, and musical writer, says:

Handel and Bach, and other composers of the early part of the 18th century, were accustomed to use a convention which often misleads modern students. In 6-8 or 12-8 time, where groups of dotted 8ths followed by 16ths occur in combination with triplets, they are to be regarded as equivalent to quarter-notes and 8ths.

"Thus," says our authority, alluding to a passage similar to that quoted in Ex. 1, "the 16th is not sounded after the third note of the triplet, as it would be if the phrase occurred in more modern music." Professor Peterson, late Professor of Music in the University of Melbourne, opines that



perhaps Bach would have delighted in the modern rhythmic problem of 'four against three,' an effect charming though unauthentic, and it is very probable that the 'dotted' effect was not so pronounced in his generation as it is to-day; but there is no doubt as to the correct interpretation of the sign as the composer intended it.

A second instance of discrepancy between notation and performance, again due to the archaic character of the notation employed, is to be found in some of the more *marcato* passages or movements written in the 17th and earlier 18th centuries. Here, the composers were heavily handicapped owing to the lack of two signs now in common use,—the double dot and the dotted rest. Perhaps it is more correct to say that the dotted rest was really in existence at that period, but not in common use. The double dot, however, was quite unknown, being the invention of Leopold Mozart (1719-1787), and first appearing in the second edition of that noted musician's Violin School, in 1769. Leopold's gifted son, Wolfgang Amadeus, was the first to use the triple dot,—in his Symphony in D, composed in July and August, 1782, for "the wedding, at Salzburg, of a daughter of the Hafners, one of the great merchant families of Germany." Hence, not having any sign for the double dot, musicians of the period now under discussion had to content themselves with the notation of the ordinary dot, trusting to the memories of their students or auditors to

perpetuate a traditional rendering such as would convey to posterity the exact intention of the composer. The late Dr. Ebenezer Prout, perhaps the greatest theorist of the 19th century, writes thus in the preface to his special edition of Handel's *Messiah*:

It is well known to those who have studied the subject, that double dots were never, and dotted rests very seldom used in Handel's time, and that consequently the music, if played strictly according to the notation, will in many places not accurately reproduce the composer's intentions. . . . Among the more important examples of this procedure may be instanced (in the *Messiah* oratorio) the Introduction of the Overture, the Recitative, 'Thus saith the Lord,' and the choruses, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' and 'Surely He hath borne our griefs.'

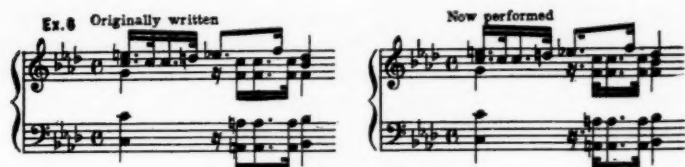
In such cases, says the gifted editor, "I have felt it my duty to give the notes . . . not as Handel wrote them, but as he meant them to be played." In these remarks the learned Professor was but following, in the year 1902, in the footsteps of that great theorist and composer, Sir George Macfarren, who, in 1884, in his *Historical and Analytical Preface to his Performing Edition of the Messiah*, says:

In Handel's time it was not customary to place a dot after a rest, for the want of which the composer frequently wrote a quaver (8th-note) to precede a dotted quaver and a semiquaver (16th-note), when he meant the first note to be but a semiquaver, as  when  was

intended. Countless instances of this inaccuracy occur throughout his works, but it is fairly illustrated in the recitative 'Thus saith the Lord,' in the first movement of the chorus 'Surely He hath borne our griefs,' and again in the air, 'The trumpet shall sound.'

To quote *in extenso* all the instances of musical inconsistencies just mentioned would be impossible in our present space, so we will content ourselves with one extract referring to the double dot, and one referring to the rest, the former from the opening measures of the Overture, the latter from the symphony to the chorus "Surely He hath borne our griefs." Other examples, including those named by the authorities above mentioned as well as many other additional instances which exist in Handel's supposed masterpiece, we must reluctantly leave our readers to examine for themselves.





But before leaving this portion of our subject we should like to quote, in confirmation of the statements made by Professors Macfarren and Prout, two passages from writers of widely differing periods and schools. Of these extracts the first, from Edward G. Dannreuther's "Musical Ornamentation," reads thus:

In Bach's time double dots were not in use, and the single dot was employed to express prolongation in a somewhat less strict way than we are now accustomed to. Bach, Handel, and all their contemporaries, often take the dot to mean a prolongation *either more or less than one-half*. Many an absurdity will be avoided if this fact is borne in mind.

Our author then proceeds to quote Leopold Mozart's rule that "the dot ought always to be held a little longer," and he claims that this "represents the common practice" down to Mozart's time. "Therefore," says Dannreuther, "the short note following a dot should in most cases be taken at a little less than its true value." Our second quotation, as already intimated, is from a totally different author and written at an entirely different date. It is from the preface to an edition of Handel's Four Coronation Anthems, prepared by Dr. Crotch (1775-1847), sometime Professor of Music in the University of Oxford,—an edition issued by the English Handel Society in 1843. Crotch was a great Handelian scholar and enthusiast, and this is what he has to say concerning such matters as dotted rests, double dots, expression marks, &c. "It was the custom formerly for the composer to teach these particulars at the numerous rehearsals, instead of depending upon the notation." Such being the case, it is but little to be wondered at that musical discrepancies and inconsistencies arose. The only wonder is that they were not more numerous than history and research have proven them to be have been.

We will now turn from a consideration of some of the musical discrepancies arising from imperfect or archaic notation to such as are consequent upon, and even necessitated by, a correct technical execution. Amongst these we will first notice the matter of repeated notes. Our readers will at once realize that these, being written without a rest or other indication of silence between them, cannot be performed in strict accordance with the conventional

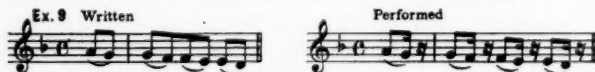
notation. This because every repetition necessitates a break in the continuity of sound; and however infinitesimal such a break may be, it is absolutely unavoidable. Hence, the opening chords of Beethoven's fine Pianoforte Sonata in C, Op. 53, commonly known as the Waldstein, appear thus:



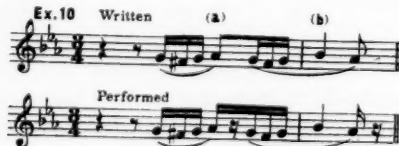
but what we really hear in performance is, approximately:



Another discrepancy between notation and performance is caused by the correct technical execution of what is generally known as "phrasing." In keyboard music all students should be aware that when a slur connects two equal notes in rapid or moderate tempo, or two notes of which the first is greater than the second, the second note is shortened, as in the following example from Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2:



Also, when the last note of a group of notes covered by a slur happens to be an accented note, or a note immediately following an accent, this final note is likewise shortened. Here is an example from Sir William Sterndale Bennett's delightful Rondeau à la Polonoise, Op. 37:



Here the note at (a) is shortened because the slur ends upon an accent, while the note at (b) is shortened because it is the note immediately following the accent. A somewhat lesser shortening

of time value is observed when a shorter note is slurred to a longer, as in the following quotation from Mozart's *Fantasia in C minor*, of 1782:



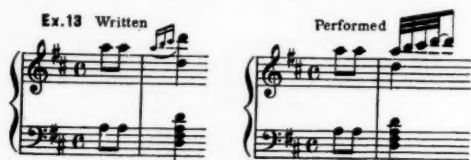
Here, it should be noted, the ordinary accent of the measure is not disturbed as is often the case when the slur connects two short notes. Everyone acquainted with the mechanism of and notation for orchestral instruments is perfectly aware that unslurred notes are there subjected to a detached rendering; whereas, in music for keyboard instruments, an unslurred note is played *legato*. The shortening of an unslurred note in the case of the orchestral instruments, accomplished by a fresh movement of the bow in the case of stringed instruments, or by a different "tongueing" in the case of the wind and brass, is never indicated in the notation. In every case we have considered it is left to the taste and discretion of the performer,—an indication of the extent of his knowledge and the accuracy of his execution.

But in this second class of musical discrepancies there are several interesting cases which arise not so much from deficiencies or omissions in the notation, nor even from additions to or subtractions from the noted music, but rather from the commonly accepted manner of the execution of the written copy. Thus, in the case of the *appoggiatura* or the *acciaccatura*, while both are written to the *left* of the melody note they ornament, and *before* any accompanying chord, they are almost universally performed in the place of the melody note and, therefore, with and not before any accompanying notes or chords. Thus, the following extract from Beethoven's *Pianoforte Sonata in F*, Op. 10, No. 2, would exhibit, as below, the difference between notation and actual performance:

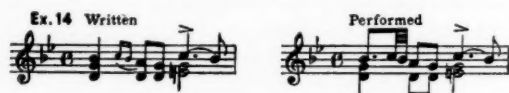


Similarly, ornaments of two or more notes, such as the double *appoggiatura*, the *slide*, &c., are treated in much the same manner

when ornamenting an essential or harmony note, *e.g.*, from the Overture to Boieldieu's *Caliph of Bagdad*:



Incidentally, however, we may remark that when either of these ornaments, or others of like character, occur before non-essential notes,—passing or auxiliary notes,—the ornaments are executed in the time value of the preceding harmony note, as in the following example from Schubert's *Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142, No. 3*:

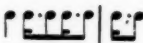


Here A, the second melody note, is a passing note, and the ornament is therefore executed in the time value of the harmony note immediately preceding, and not in the time value of the second melody note itself. The notation of "prepared" shakes, *i.e.*, shakes with one or more small notes prefixed, is often a source of uncertainty to the inexperienced performer. Here we have a discrepancy similar to that previously discussed,—the notation showing the small notes as if the latter were performed before the principal note of the shake, whereas they are part and parcel of the shake itself. We give an example from the first movement of Beethoven's *Op. 10, No. 2*:

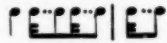


Many other instances will doubtless occur to the interested reader, but the limits of time and space forbid of their discussion here. Reluctantly we are compelled to pass to the third and final division of our subject, in which we are confronted by discrepancies caused by interpretation, either optional or conventional. Taking the former case first, perhaps our meaning may be best illustrated

by a reference to what is generally known as "march rhythm,"

e.g., . Here the tendency—perfectly artistic and

legitimate—is to lengthen the dotted notes and shorten those of lesser value which follow the dots, the result—expressed in or-

inary notation—being something in this style: 

in which the first note is lengthened a quarter and the second shortened a half. Indeed, as every teacher of keyboard instruments and every conductor of an average chorus choir knows only too well, the difficulty is to get inexperienced players and singers to realize this unwritten law of rendition and to deliver a genuine march rhythm with its required and characteristic "snap."

Another interesting musical discrepancy arises from the conventional rendition of a pause, or hold, over an emphatic note or chord. Here, in addition to the fact that the notation gives no clue whatever as to the exact length to which the note or chord affected by the pause is to be prolonged, there is another unwritten rule to the effect that a more or less marked silence or break after the lengthened note or chord is generally admissible and effective. Here is a fine example from Mendelssohn's Organ Sonata in F minor, Op. 65, No. 1:

Written



Ex. 18

Performed (approximately)



This silence is especially desirable after each of the pauses marking the closes of the various phrases of the Chorals in Mendelssohn's 5th and 6th Organ Sonatas. Concerning these pauses Dr. Eaglefield Hull, in his interesting edition of these imperishable classics, says—with particular reference to the pauses over the half-notes,—“Classical players count six quarters on the pauses.” This gives us a discrepancy crystallized into a custom.

Another discrepancy which we can allude to only *en passant* is that which arises when in keyboard execution one hand is required by the notation to keep up a continuous shake while at the same time “bringing out” a melody. An instance of this, too well known to need quotation, occurs in the Finale of Beethoven's

Sonata in C, Op. 53. A reference to any standard edition in which the ornaments are written out in full in marginal or foot notes will show that this passage is generally executed by interrupting the continuity of the shake at every occurrence of a note of the melody. "The pace at which the whole thing should be taken," says Mr. Francesco Berger, "will cover the gaps, so that the ear cannot detect them." The same solution applies to the "shake" variation in Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home" Variations and to many similar cases. "It is the notation that is at fault," says the writer last quoted. We agree. Nor must we forget, in this connection, the discrepancy between notation and interpretation which arises from the employment of the so-called *legatissimo* touch in pianoforte playing. This device, a favourite and almost essential one on the thin toned Viennese piano of a century ago, consisted of the holding down, or *tenuto* treatment, of the principal harmony notes of a pianoforte passage. These holding notes were, however, seldom written out in full; but an extended example may be found in Cramer's Study in G sharp minor, No. 26, while passages of similar style but of shorter duration are to be found in several other numbers of this imperishable collection. Beethoven, in the selection of these studies which he made for the use of his nephew, has added several notes in which this discrepancy is not only suggestively insisted upon, as being essential to the proper effect of the composition.

The whole matter is treated in some detail in Moscheles' preface to his 24 Characteristic Studies, Op. 70; but prior to this, Hummel, in his Pianoforte School, had written numerous exercises for the acquirement of this touch, the sustained notes being marked with an asterisk. Perhaps the best explanation we have to-day is that given by Mr. Franklin Taylor in his "Technique and Expression in Pianoforte Playing," and to this we must refer those of our readers desirous of pursuing the matter further. Here we can only add that the employment of this touch in many of the broken chord and Alberti bass figures and accompaniments of the earlier classical works is as essential as it is effective. In the majority of these cases it was the initial note of the group which received *tenuto* treatment. As an excellent example of this we would refer our readers to the bass of the 12th to the 4th measures from the end of the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3. Here, by sustaining the first note of each group of eighths, the initial phrase of the movement (as found in the 7th and 8th measures from the beginning of the work) will be at once prominent, clearly proving that this must have

been the composer's intention when writing the passage. In modern music and editions these sustained notes are generally indicated by double stems to an extent which, although helpful to the performer, is more or less detrimental to the clearness of the composition. Very frequently it is difficult to see the forest for the trees.

Turning back once more to the writings of the older masters we find, as might reasonably be expected, considerable difference between notation and accepted interpretation. In the domain of instrumental music these discrepancies usually appear between the notation and interpretation of ornaments, especially the shake. Our space, or the lack of it, will permit us to mention only one case,—that of a shake over a dotted note “followed,” as Dr. Harding puts it in his “Musical Ornaments,” “by a note equal to the dot, completing the beat, or division of the beat.” In this case, says our authority, “the shake should end upon the dot, which may be prolonged and the following note shortened,” since, he adds, “in music composed before the 19th century the value of the dot was very variable.” As an example, Dr. Harding quotes from Bach's Fugue in D minor, No. 36 of the “48,” *e.g.*:



With this ruling agrees Edward Dannreuther in his “Musical Ornamentation,” in which, speaking of the ornaments of Bach, he says:

Shakes upon a note with a dot stop at or near the dot—a short note following the dot is usually taken somewhat shorter than it is written.

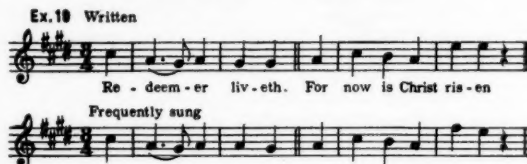
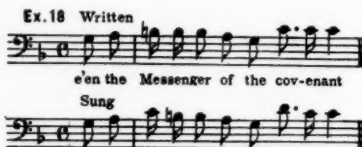
Or, as Mr. Ernest Fowles writes in his “Studies in Musical Graces,” when speaking of the shake in older music:

The shake stops at or immediately before the time-position of the dot. The following sound is not infrequently shortened in value in order to give greater accentual force to the accented sound which in such cases usually follows the sound after the dot.

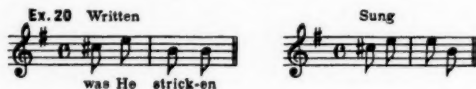
This rule, as our readers will at once perceive is best illustrated at the cadence in which “the sound after the dot” is always a strongly accented note.

In the domain of vocal music the older masters provide us with one of the most glaring discrepancies we have as yet noticed as occurring between notation and interpretation. This is in the case of the recitative. “Here,” says the late Mr. W. S. Rockstro,

"in phrases ending with two or more reiterated notes, it has long been the custom to treat the first as an appoggiatura, a note higher than the rest." This variation generally takes place when two notes of similar pitch occur at the end of a phrase or upon some important accented beat during the progress of the phrase. This deviation from strict notation is justified by the desire of the vocalist to give prominence to accented words or syllables, or to secure the rising or falling inflection which is as important in melodic as in oral diction. Here follow two examples from Handel's *Messiah* which illustrate these points. Ex. 18 is from the Recitative "Thus saith the Lord"; Ex. 19 from the Aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the latter exhibiting a method of execution which, in this particular passage or case, Mr. Rockstro considers to be "an obtrusive effect, foreign to the naturalness of the phrase."



The substituted note in recitative repetitions, according to Professor Sir George Macfarren, is "generally, but not always, the one next above" the final note. Quite frequently it is a repetition of the third note from the end of the phrase, this repetition being substituted for the penultimate note, as in the concluding phrase of the recitative from the *Messiah* "He was cut off:"



Concerning the introduction and execution of these and similar vocal discrepancies, Mr. William Shakespeare, the eminent singing teacher, says:

Certain accented notes in a melody, forming as a rule with the bass the intervals of the 11th, 9th, and 7th, . . . were found in course of time so

pleasing to the ear, that they were used by singers before composers dared to break the rules by writing them down, and hence they are, especially in recitatives, often omitted altogether from the printed score, though intended to be sung. The whole question is largely one of musicianship, good taste, and the remembrance of that which one has heard in the performance of works by the best singers of the last forty years.

This practically summarizes the whole situation, so that when we find Sir George Henschel objecting to the insertion of the appoggiatura in serious or oratorio recitative, unless the substituted note be a passing note between two different harmony notes on either side of it, we are reminded of the old Latin adage *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

Our final discrepancy—final only in the sense of being the last to be noticed here—is found in the accompaniment of the *recitativo secco*,—the recitative as instituted by Carissimi, the founder of the oratorio, at the beginning of the 17th century, in which the accompaniment was entirely chordal and not figurative, a form which exists to-day in pretty much the same condition as that in which Carissimi left it. Concerning this form Macfarren sagely remarks:

Composers of this class of music till far later than Handel's time, meant not that the harmony should be sustained as semibreves (whole notes) or minims (half-notes), although they wrote such notes for the bass, but intended that a chord should prevail for the length of the written notes, and be repeated or not, according to the punctuation of the voice part, or according to the singer's need of support.

Thus, the recitative, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive," if worked out as regards the accompaniment, from the original figured bass, would appear as on the second and third staves of Ex. 21. This, however, according to Macfarren, would be executed as shown on the last two staves of the following example:

Ex. 21

Alto

Be-hold! a Vir-gin shall conceive, and bear a Son,

From Full Score

Macfarren Version

and shall call His name Em - man - u - el; God with us.

The rendering given by the late Cambridge professor illustrates our final point, namely, the percussive of chords written against the final note of a phrase or passage of vocal recitative. Concerning this our learned authority says, "Neither meant they (the old masters) that the chord should be struck with the final note of a phrase whereon the harmony changes, as is often the habit of inexperienced accompanists to do, by which the enunciation of the last word is rendered indistinct; the chords should be played after, rather than with, the voice at the conclusion and before the voice at the commencement of a sentence." It will at once be apparent that this is most aptly illustrated at the final cadence of the foregoing quotation. Here it is interesting to note that Handel followed the Italian traditions of his day, Bach those of northern Germany. Consequently it is not at all surprising to find that in the full score of Bach's St. Matthew Passion the final chords of the recitative accompaniments are written exactly as they are intended to be performed, and are so transcribed in the vocal score, *e.g.*,

Ex. 22

to bear His cross.

It would be beyond the province of this paper to enquire into the traditional English rendering of these Handelian and other

recitatives by 'celli and bassi or by a solo 'cello and basso such as "were performed at Her Majesty's Theatre (London, England) for more than half a century by Lindley and Dragonetti, who always played at the same desk, and accompanied with a perfection attained by no other artists in the world." But, by way of conclusion, we may summarize the musical discrepancy last alluded to by saying that, in the *recitativo secco*, chords falling in the middle of phrases are generally played where and as written; while those at the beginnings of phrases are generally played before the entry of the voice, and those at the end of phrases after the cessation of the voice. These points are all illustrated in Ex. 21.

In his excellent vocal score edition of the *Messiah*, the late Mr. W. T. Best, gives a pause over the rest preceding the final chords, thus intending to show that these chords must fall later than the concluding notes of the vocal part, although written exactly underneath the latter. Indeed, in this connection we know of no more profitable task than the critical comparison of the three masterly editions of Macfarren, Best, and Prout, since it would be almost impossible to find three Handelian editors more "deeply learned" in Handelian lore and tradition. About as much knowledge may be gathered in this way as by the attending of any performance of the oratorio, unless such performance be adequate in every respect, and conducted by one thoroughly familiar with the discrepancies of Handelian notation and the traditional renderings thereof.

At least one important fact is established by the present discussion, and that is that musical notation, although wonderfully graphic, is not, and probably will never be, an exact science. And even if it could be so reduced to-day, by to-morrow there would be occurring some discrepancies or inaccuracies caused by a new method of execution, or by a reading productive of some new musical effect. Provided such methods and readings clarify rather than obscure the composer's meaning and neither modify nor misrepresent his original intentions, such discrepancies may be permitted and perhaps welcomed. But any other departures from strict notation are unjustifiable, and those who indulge in such are like the Miltonian detractors, of whom the poet said:

Licence they mean when they cry Liberty!

SOME LETTERS OF MENDELSSOHN

By EDWARD RIMBAULT DIBDIN

DURING Mendelssohn's first visit, in 1829, to Great Britain, he made the acquaintance at Edinburgh of John Thomson, a young musician of much promise, nearly four years his senior. Sir George Grove tells us that Thomson showed Mendelssohn much attention, which the latter requited by a warm letter of introduction to his family in Berlin, in which he wrote of Thomson "he is very fond of music; I know a pretty trio of his composition, and some local pieces, which please me very well!" During Thomson's visit to Germany, he studied at Leipzig, kept up his friendship with Mendelssohn, and made the intimate acquaintance of Schumann, Moscheles, and other musicians, and of Schnyder von Wartensee, whose pupil he became.

Thomson, like his illustrious friend, had a short life. Born in 1805, he died on 6th May, 1841. In 1839 he had been appointed first "Reid" Professor of Music at Edinburgh, and on 12th February, 1841, he gave the first "Reid" concert in commemoration of the founder, General John Reid, whose modest desire it was that, in return for some £70,000 bequeathed to the University, a concert should be given annually on his birthday, 13th February, at which some pieces of his composition should be performed "by a select band." When I attended some "Reid" Concerts in the seventies of last century, they had been developed into an Edinburgh Orchestral Festival, performed by the Hallé Orchestra, consisting of three excellent concerts, at one of which General Reid's Introduction, Pastorale, Minuet, and March were played at the beginning of the programme, while the fashionables were taking their seats. Thomson, for the first concert, added to the book of words analytical notes on the principal pieces, which entitle him to be remembered as the inventor of the analytical programme. Less than three months afterwards Thomson died.

Among his intimates was my father, Henry Edward Dibdin, born in 1813, youngest son of Charles Dibdin the younger, dramatist, the eldest son of Charles Dibdin, a prolific and versatile genius, best remembered by his naval songs. In 1832 my father made his first public appearance as a harpist at Paganini's last concert at Covent Garden Theatre, on 3rd August, on which

Psalmus 124



Lipzig 9th July 1841

*composed for Henry F. Schütz's organ
by Felix Mendelssohn*

occasion he played a Grand Fantasia di Concerto by his master, N. C. Bochsa. The youth's estimate of the musical wizard found expression in an acrostic:

Penurious and stingy, oh!
And greedy as a miser
Gets wealth like any Cræsus,
And leaves us none the wiser.
Noodles are we to let him thus
In such a way get rich:
No doubt his famous single string,
Is some Italian witch.

The young musician, very soon after his début, resolved, I don't know why, to seek a career in Edinburgh. He borrowed £10 from his eldest sister, a pupil of Challoner and Bochsa, and in her day a famous harpist, climbed on the top of a coach and successfully reached and established himself in the Modern Athens, where he was soon full of activities as composer, performer, teacher of music, and painter. Either in 1837 or 1840 he and Thomson went together to Birmingham, to see and hear Mendelssohn. On the first occasion "St. Paul" and the D Minor Concerto were performed, and on the second the "Lobgesang" and the G Minor Concerto. There was a good deal of friendly intercourse, of which only one incident survives, told to me by one of my father's friends. My father had heard Mendelssohn play a Bach fugue, and in talking to him afterwards remarked on its splendid qualities. "But", he added, "what was even more splendid was the introduction to it you improvised." "Ah," replied Mendelssohn, "I wish I were capable of such a prelude—but it also was Bach's." The great Leipzig cantor was so little known in England at the time, even by professional musicians, that my father's error is not surprising.

After the death of Thomson, the musical world of Edinburgh seems to have been splendidly ambitious as to a successor, and my father, as one who knew him, was evidently deputed to write to Mendelssohn and sound him on the subject. His letter may, or may not, be extant in the Leipzig archives, but the conditions now prevailing put it out of my power to enquire about it. This, however, does not greatly matter, as the nature of the proposal is sufficiently indicated in Mendelssohn's reply.

Leipzig 3d June 1841

Sir

Accept my sincerest thanks for the contents of your kind letter dated May 25th, for the proposal which you make to me concerning the vacant professorship in the Edinburgh University, and for the confidence

of which your letter is so great a proof & which I acknowledge with real and hearty gratitude. Although I should certainly derive much pleasure from a residence in a country, the short stay in which has left me so many lasting bright recollections and to which I am indebted indeed for the truest and best friends I can boast of: yet it is impossible for me to make an application for, or even to accept of, the place in question if offered to me; I am bound to stay the next year at Berlin, to which place the present king has kindly called me, and I intend to continue afterwards my direction of the Leipzig Concerts for several years. Much as I regret the impossibility of availing myself of your flattering suggestion, I feel quite as thankful for it, as if I could accept it, & the gratitude for your very kind letter will always remain the same. Do I recollect our short acquaintance and John Thomson's introduction in Charles Street, Birmingham! And how often did I think of those moments and of that dear and good friend, whose loss we now lament. Let me hope to find soon an opportunity of meeting you again, be it in this Country or in yours, & be sure that it will give me a great pleasure whenever that hope may be realized. I shall then try to express my feelings and thanks better in person, than I have been able to do by this letter in writing a foreign language; I trust however you will have understood how I felt what I said.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servt,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Henry E. Dibdin Esquire
72 Northumberland Street
Edinburgh

The command to Berlin by Frederick William IV was in connexion with his scheme for an Academy of Arts. In this Mendelssohn became involved, apparently rather against his will; and the labours and worries involved hindered him in composition and probably shortened his life.

My father's reply, the terms of which evidently gratified Mendelssohn, included a request for an album leaf, to be preferably a psalm tune, to be used in a collection upon which my father was engaged. It appeared in 1852 as "The Standard Psalm Tune Book," but without the desired contribution; the reason, an odd one, being shown in Mendelssohn's second letter.

Leipzig 9th July 1841

Dear Sir

I thank you very much for your kind and flattering letter of the 19th of last month and enclose the page of your album on which I have written a little Prelude for the Organ, which I composed this morning on purpose. I was sorry I could not write exactly what you desired me to do, but I do not know what "a long measure psalm tune" meant and there is nobody

in this place at present to whom I could apply for an explanation. Excuse me, therefore, if you receive something else than what you wished & believe me

Very truly yours

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Henry E. Dibdin Esquire
72 Northumberland Street
Edinburgh

By the death of Mendelssohn in 1847 the world of music was plunged in mourning such as no subsequent event has occasioned. My father expressed his sorrow in a concert quintet in E Minor for flute, violin, pianoforte, harp, and violoncello, "Erinnerung an Mendelssohn," written for the Edinburgh Professional Society of Musicians. He obtained from a young friend, R. Roy Paterson, then a student at Leipzig, a lock of his hair, which I possess, and he had the 1841 prelude lithographed in facsimile by Schenck, in order to give copies to friends. Some years after the death of my father in 1866, (on the anniversary of John Thomson's) my mother sold the right to publish it to a Magazine of Sacred Music called "Exeter Hall," which had a brief existence. Not being eminently business-like, she omitted to get back the MS., so that I am glad to have Schenck's facsimile.

I have only one other letter from Mendelssohn, which is a brief reply to a request for permission to include a psalm tune by him in the "Standard Psalm Tune Book."

Dear Sir

The tune in question was composed by me for Mess. Coventry & Hollier of Frith Street London who wished to have one of mine in a collection which they intended publishing. Whether they have followed up this intention I do not know, but as I gave it to them it is only *their* permission which you must have in order to publish it, for it is a matter of course that I give you *mine* with very much pleasure.

Believe me dear Sir

Very truly yours

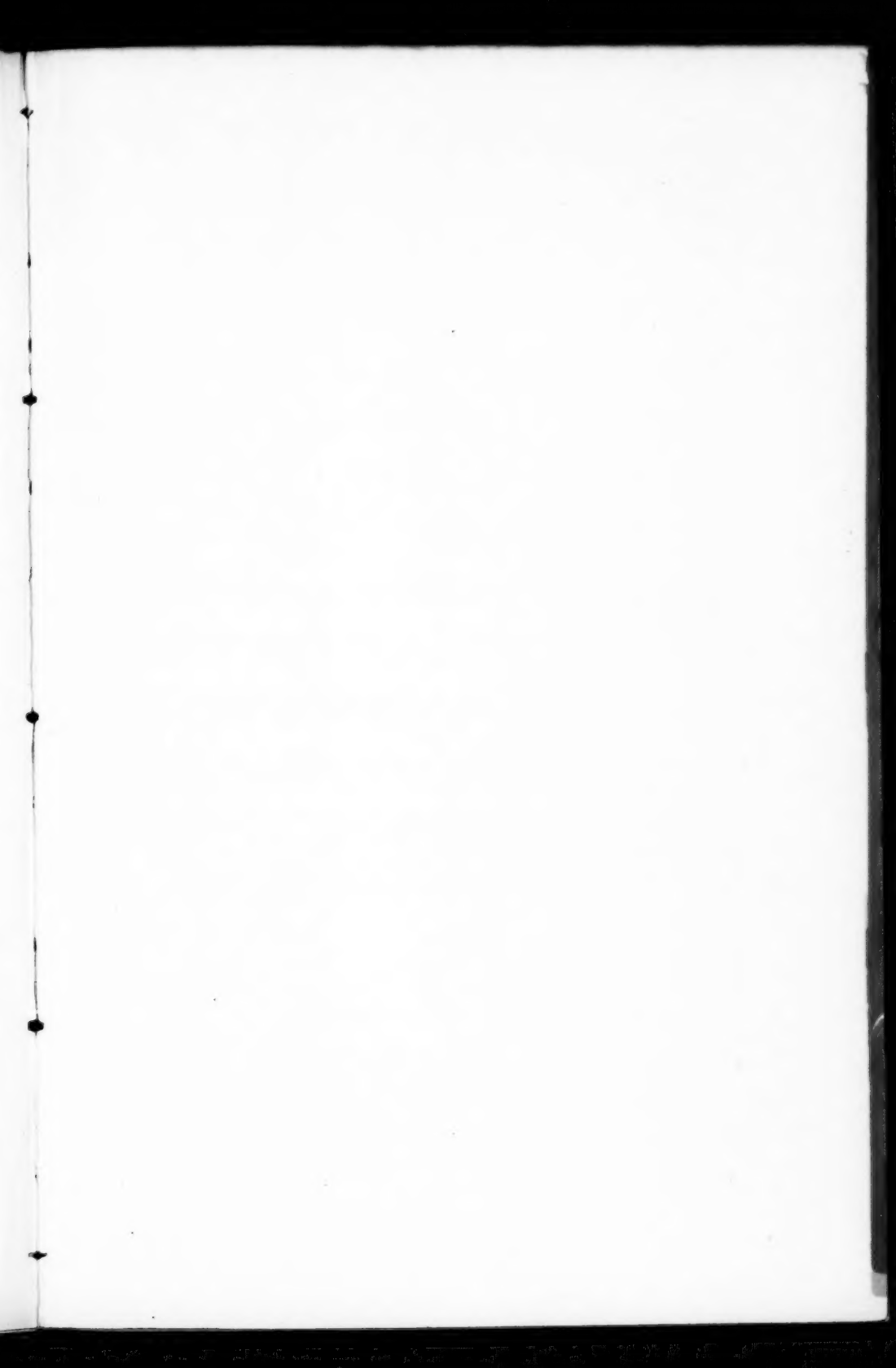
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Leipzig 31 July 1843.

The tune referred to is, I infer, the short-measure psalm tune in C Minor, St. Felix or Leipzig, (sic) composed in 1839, reprinted, by permission, from The National Psalmist, on page 86 of the Standard Psalm Tune Book. It is the only one by Mendelssohn in the collection.

Except a reference to the second letter by Sir George Grove in his biography of Mendelssohn, these letters have not previously

been recorded, and the publication of the Prelude in "Exeter Hall" was not calculated to make it widely known. It only remains to add to this small sidelight on Mendelssohn's amiable and lovable character that the letters are remarkable both because of their beautiful calligraphy and the ease and certainty with which the accomplished writer expressed himself in a foreign language.





By courtesy of the "Clef Club."

BLACK SINGERS AND PLAYERS

By NATALIE CURTIS-BURLIN

"WHO trains the chorus? It is marvelous!" The question was eagerly put by a young German musician who was visiting the Hampton Institute in Virginia and for the first time heard the great chorus of nine hundred colored students sing the "Plantations," as the Negroes call the old melodies that had their birth in days of slavery,—religious songs that were the voice of the bondsman's soul. From a technical as well as purely musical standpoint, the extraordinary unity, the precision in "attack" and the faultless pitch of the Negro singers impelled the musician's query.

And my answer baffled him: "Why, no one trains these Negro boys and girls, their singing is natural."

"I don't mean," he persisted, "who trains their *voices* (of course, I understand that these are natural voices), but who teaches them their *parts*, soprano, alto, tenor, bass,—who drills them as a chorus?"

"No one."

He stared at me incredulously. But I assured him that these black singers made up the "parts" themselves extemporaneously and sang together with the same spontaneity of unity that individuals feel when, gathering with a group, they fall in line and keep step as they walk. This quick contagion of musical sympathy, this instant amalgamation of the personal musical consciousness into a strong mass-feeling,—this it is that would make "chorus-drilling" certain death to the inspirational spirit of those superbly simple old Negro songs.

But the musician would not believe that such results could be achieved by instinct alone. And so I finally referred him to Major Moton, now Booker Washington's successor as principal at Tuskegee, who was at that time commandant at Hampton and sang the solo parts—the "Lead" (leader), in Negro musical parlance.

His reply emphasized through its laughing surprise the in-born, intuitive quality of the Negro's love for music.

"Why, *nobody* ever taught us to sing!"

"Well then, how do you do it?" asked the musician in amazement.

"I don't know. We *just sing*—that's all!"

Surely a people who can "just sing" in extemporaneous four and six and eight part harmonies are gifted not only with rare melodic and rhythmic sense, but also with a natural talent for harmony that distinguishes the black race as among the most musically endowed of peoples.

These nine hundred boys and girls at Hampton whose chorus singing is so "marvelous" are not divided and seated according to "parts" like the usual white chorus: indeed, technically speaking, this is no "chorus" at all,—only a group of students at the Hampton Institute who sing because music is a part of their very souls. And so in chapel, where the old "plantations" are sung, the boys sit together at the sides, and the girls sit together in the middle, each singing any part that happens to lie easily within the range of his or her voice, harmonizing the slave-songs as they sing.

A first alto may be wedged between two sopranos with a second alto directly in front of her. A boy singing high tenor may have a second tenor on one side of him and a second bass on the other. But the wonderful inspirational singing of this great choir is sustained without a flaw or a single deviation in pitch through song after song, absolutely without accompaniment.

"How do they do it?" One may well ask! For the singing is not only faultless in its simple and natural beauty, but profoundly stirring in its emotional wealth of feeling. Few listeners can withhold a catch in the throat when, after the final benediction in chapel, a deep silence which seems to hover like a benediction itself over those hundreds of bowed heads, is broken by a soft-breathed note of music, almost inaudible at first, like hushed wings, like the descent of the Holy Spirit. And then, still breathed rather than sung, gathering in volume as group after group catches it up, from those bent black heads rises a chanted "Amen," of such penetrating sweetness, such prayerful intensity that,—well, every white person that I have ever seen visit Hampton for the first time leaves chapel wiping his eyes!

"Only in Russia," declared one musician, "have I heard chorus singing comparable to this." Indeed, in my opinion, at Hampton, Tuskegee and Fisk Institutes, and other southern schools, are to be found the great choruses of America.

Through the Negro this country is vocal with a folk-music intimate, complete and beautiful. Not that this is our only folklore, for the song of the American Indian is a unique contribution to the music of the world; also our Anglo-Saxon progenitors brought

with them the songs and ballads of the British Isles still held in purity in the mountain fastnesses of the Southern States, though strange versions of them crop up in the cow-boy songs of the frontier. But it is the Negro music (with its by-product of "Rag-time") that to-day most widely influences the popular song-life of America, and Negro rhythms have indeed captivated the world at large.¹ Nor may we foretell the impress that the voice of the slave will leave upon the art of this country—a poetic justice this! For the Negro, everywhere discriminated against, segregated and shunned, mobbed and murdered,—he it is whose melodies are on all our lips, and whose rhythms impel our marching feet in a "war for democracy." The irresistible music that wells up from this sunny and unresentful people is hummed and whistled, danced to and marched to, laughed over and wept over, by high and low and rich and poor throughout the land. The down-trodden black man, whose patient religious faith has kept his heart still unembittered, is fast becoming the singing voice of all America.

And how spontaneously he sings. Who can forget the first concert given by the "Clef Club," a Negro orchestra in New York, before a large and representative white audience about eight years ago in Carnegie Hall? Music-loving Manhattan felt a thrill down its spine such as only the greatest performances can inspire when, at a climax in the opening piece (a march composed by the colored leader), that entire Negro orchestra of over a hundred men burst out singing as they played!

"Can you imagine," whispered to me in the midst of the music a guarantor of one of our great orchestras, "Can you imagine our white musicians *singing* while they play?"

"And do you know," I whispered back, "that the man playing a tenor solo on the 'cello may be singing first bass ("baritone" the Negroes call it), and that the big man playing the bass drum

¹Some have denied that our popular American music of to-day owes its stimulus to the Negro. A most interesting and conclusive account of the evolution of "Rag-time" is contained in the "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" by James Weldon Johnson, published by Brown, Little & Co., Boston. "Rag-time" is not unjustly condemned by many for the vulgarity of its first associations, a vulgarity that cannot be too deeply deplored but which is fortunately fast slipping out of the march and dance songs of to-day. Yet this first association can not annihilate the interest of the Negro rhythmic form from which sprang "Ragtime," for this form has intrinsic character. Though now widely copied and almost mechanically manufactured by commercial white song-writers of cheap and "catchy" music, the extraordinary syncopation of "Rag-time," which makes the rhythm so compelling, is undoubtedly Negro and of real value and interest musically. Nor is this rhythmic peculiarity confined, with the Negro, to popular and secular music only. Lifted into noble breadth of accent, syncopation is found in the old Spirituals, or prayer-songs, for it is the rhythm natural to the Negro; intensely racial, its counterpart may be found in the native African songs from the Dark Continent.—See my *Foreword to "Negro Folk-Songs," Book II.* G. Schirmer, N. Y. and Boston, 1918.

and cymbals may be caroling a high falsetto, while the first violin sings second bass?"

For I had been to rehearsals of the Clef Club and I knew that these men who sang simply because music burst out of them, thought no more of playing one part on their instrument and another on their larynx—all at the same time—than their cousins in Africa think of clapping one rhythm with their hands while with their feet they dance a different one. Indeed, the men of a European orchestra, each carefully schooled to automatic accuracy in his given rôle, would be as baffled if called upon to do the almost inhumanly difficult things that these intuitive black players did naturally, as would be the member of a white chorus if asked to *improvise* alto or tenor while those around them sang different parts! The average Negro, in music, seems inspired as compared to the letter-ridden, unimaginative, uncreative, and prosaic (however correct) white performer.

Buried in New York's "Black Belt"—congested streets wholly populated by thousands of colored people who are restricted to these cramped quarters—the Clef Club had played a year or two for its colored patrons before its existence was discovered by the white directors of the Music School Settlement for Colored People,¹ who then brought it to Carnegie Hall and to the knowledge of all Manhattan. Few of the players in that great band of about a hundred and twenty-five members had at that time received any musical training whatever. They were—by profession!—elevator-men, bell-boys, porters, janitors, or followers of still humbler tasks, for few trades-unions then admitted colored men, so that the vocations open to the Negro were about as restricted and overcrowded as the Negro streets themselves. These men met together and played and gave concerts in the "colored quarter" simply because music was an irresistible human outlet for them, and they loved it. Each man played any instrument that he happened to know and fancy. There were many violins, violas, 'cellos and double basses; but it was a motley group of plectrum instruments of all sorts and sizes—mandolins, guitars, banjos, and a few ukeleles, that gave to the immense tone of the huge band an absolutely distinctive sound, a "tang" like the flavor of pine-apple amid other fruits. Then there was an indiscriminate assortment

¹"The Music School Settlement for Colored People" is an institution to which generous aid should be given. It has become a civic and social center in the largest Negro quarter of New York and during the war it has offered recreation and help to colored soldiers and sailors, to Red Cross activities and to Negro war-workers of all kinds. It is situated at 6 West 131st Street, New York City, and is under the musical direction of the talented colored composer, W. J. Rosamond Johnson.

of reed and wind instruments including several magnificently regal trombones that strode forth with a sound of crimson pomp amid the trembling sway and glitter of the mandolins; there were drums and tambourines, big and little, whose sharp accents danced across the jagged syncopations of the music, recalling the elaborate drum-orchestras of Africa; there was an inspired timpanist whose swiftly rolling sticks evoked music like the sound of in-sweeping and breaking waves; there was a huge bass drum, humorous, dramatic, sometimes even tragic; and——

"Well, Mr. Mannes," explained one of the violinists to David Mannes when we were together interviewing the band prior to its first concert for white people—"well, Mr. Mannes, at our concerts we usually have to have about ten upright pianos in five pairs, back to back, running in a half circle 'round the edge of the orchestra."

"Ten pianos!" (in amazement).

"Yes sir," (very quietly) "ten pianos."

"Get to your pianos!" the Negro conductor would call at rehearsal. "Get to your pianos!" And then truly beautiful, rich and unusual was the color and body given to this band of plectrum, strings and brass by the adroit manipulations of those ten little uprights which were treated purely as orchestral instruments, weaving a sonorous background of tremolos, deepening with tone-values the roll of the kettle-drums, sharpening percussion effects with varieties of pitch, emphasizing rhythmic outline, coloring the accents, blending strings, brass, plectrum and drums into a vibrant unity of sound—a link between them all.

"Barbaric," one college bred Negro called the Clef Club. "Barbaric" we exclaimed in astonished admiration. That an orchestra of such power, freshness, vitality and originality could have remained so long undiscovered in novelty-hunting New York, was a silent and reproachful comment on the isolation of the "Negro quarter."

And such rehearsals—pathetic in their poverty of opportunity! A crowd of colored men stuffed suffocatingly under the low ceiling of a room that had seen better days as a private dwelling before the elevated railroad made life impossible and the street was abandoned to Negroes. No acoustics, no elbow-room even, the bass tuba threatening with annihilation the poor drummer next him who could hardly lift his sticks without hitting the cornet-player. Perhaps one or two in each group could read music—the rest simply caught by ear what their neighbors played and then joined in.

"I always put a man that can read notes in the middle where the others can pick him up," explained the conductor. There were not enough music-stands, and so here and there the notes would be spread on a chair over which a single, sophisticated player would peer and bend, while five or six eager heads hovered near him, mouths open, musical intuition alert in every eye, "picking him up."

"Oh yes," the conductor said, "they can catch *anything* if they hear it once or twice, and if it's too hard for 'em the way it's written, why, they just make up something else that'll go with it."

And this was so—once they had caught the main outline of the music, the whole band began to improvise. And how quick they were! It was mostly dance music that they played—typical Negro syncopated dance and march-rhythm. To my astonished question: "But how can they play a new piece in public next week when they've never even tried it over yet?" The leader replied:

"Don't you worry! Once those fellows hear that music and catch its swing they'll eat it right up!" They did. And then New York ate *them*. That first concert of Negro music in Carnegie Hall was an ear-opener. The dance craze was then sweeping the city, and the Negro players were feverishly demanded. The sun shone, the colored musicians became professional, the band split up into smaller groups and much hay was made. This was the lighter side. But those of us who had attended those first rehearsals and had seen the colored players in their shirt-sleeves bending over their instruments in that stifling room, weary from menial toil, yet singing their hearts out (they were there because the day's work was over, or the "boss" had let them off), we realized the unconscious spirit of creative art that stirred in that humble group and we felt, with reverence, as though we had been present at a birth. We had seen the racial soul, denied all opportunity, awake, nevertheless, and sing; and the song, ephemeral though it was, seemed a prophecy of the dignity and worth of Negro genius.

THE THREE BEETHOVENS

By JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS

"A man's biography should be written by his physician."

"In the hidden bond between the soul and the body lies the solution of opposing aspirations."—*Tolstoi*.

"Matter and mind form one another, i.e., they give to one another the form in which we see them. They are the helpmeets to one another that cross each other and undo each other, and, in the undoing, do and, in the doing, undo, and so see-saw *ad infinitum*."—*Butler*.

THE classification of Beethoven's works into three styles probably originated with Fétis in his article on the composer in the "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens." It was Lenz, the Russian, who took the matter most seriously and, in 1852, published two volumes in support of his thesis and in evidence, at least, of his own inability to appreciate the compositions of the third period. His countryman, Oulibicheff, took up the cudgel, especially as regards the quality of the third style, and issued his rejoinder: *Beethoven, ses critiques et ses glossateurs*, in 1857. Since that time hardly a writer who has more than mentioned Beethoven has failed to speak of the "three styles" and to give his own opinion in the matter. Possibly the dimensions of Lenz's thesis seemed, to every subsequent writer, to render his contention worthy consideration, or, like the Bacon-authorship-of-Shakespeare nonsense, it must be at least mentioned lest the critic seem ignorant of its existence.

The theory of the three styles by set periods probably had its origin in the division by Schindler of his biography of Beethoven into three periods. Such periods being furnished by one intimate with his life, it was natural enough and logical to find three qualities of work arising from them, though the defining of the quality of the work in the different epochs, was, of course, quite another matter. In his introduction to the *Life of Beethoven* (1840) Schindler says: "I follow a division not arising out of the history of the development of his genius, but purely from the various phases of his life, such as Beethoven himself would have adopted; that is to say, I divide his life and works into three periods; the first extending from his birth to the year 1800, the second from 1800 to October, 1813, and the third from the last mentioned date

to his death, in 1827." "It must be obvious," he adds in a note, "that in this division, I do not mean to assert that Beethoven's mental development admits of the like limitation, or is tacitly comprehended under it. To pretend to fix precise limits to that would be a bold attempt." Apparently Schindler himself had no intention of classifying Beethoven's works or his working capacity to fit the divisions of his biography, though no one would expect the productions of one period to quite resemble those of another, since these must reflect in musical thought the experience of the hour.

This assertion brings up the subject of thought and especially "musical thought" for consideration, with the relation of thought to bodily states as well as to life events of a more directly psychic appeal. If any of Beethoven's works, especially those of his later years, were obscure, by what were they made so, and is the thought obscure or the expression of it unsatisfactory?

Many attempts have been made to define thought. Webster calls it in one paragraph "the act or state of thinking; mental concentration on ideas as distinguished from sense perception or emotions." Not very illuminating and too much resembling a cat chasing its tail, and the latter part seemingly carries with it the slur, not so commonly heard as formerly, that "musicians do not think." And this from a dictionary-maker who, in his youth, was the leader of a drum corps! If we look up the word "idea" we find a column of explanations without enlightenment, until we reach—"Idea, according to *Humean Philosophy*,"—that it is "a mental structure or content which is a less vivid copy of some original sensation, emotion or volition," in other words a symbolic reflection of a genuine experience. Mental states charged with emotion (and such is musical thought) were not looked down upon by Hume. And this definition fits in with modern psychological study and helps to lift the stigma applied not so long since, that the science of mind was a miserably small candle held over a desperately dark abyss. So it was, until it took the body into account,—until it recognized the indissoluble partnership in all its transactions. There are no alterations of mental states without bodily changes, and no bodily changes again without feeling of some sort. "Even the simplest and apparently driest notions," said Lotze, "are never quite destitute of attendant feeling," and Knowlson, who attempted the difficult task of telling us how to think, comments: "It is likewise true that when we examine our feelings we find they contain much of what is otherwise called thought." "Feeling is subjective experience *par excellence*," says

Sully. And, on the bodily side, "Thinking," writes Nadal, in a recent issue of the *Journal de Médecine de Bordeaux*, "is a product of the sensations which reach the consciousness from all parts and promote or check the mysterious fermentations of the sub-conscious. Thought is actually a secretion of the body as a whole." If thought is a secretion of the body as a whole, it is modified, especially on the emotional side, by its ever-varying states. The body becomes, under varying conditions, the medium of thought which flows from no one knows whence. The man of genius recognizes (Beethoven especially acknowledged this) that he is but the instrument—the oil and wick—through which, by special permission (often abundantly paid for in suffering), the infinite mind reveals itself in larger measure. Such thought flows in and through all of us; but the special vehicle of expression—the genius, we rightly speak of as "inspired."

Continuous and elaborate thought, slightly or highly charged with emotion, is impossible without a set of symbols which make up verbal or musical language, and that another may appreciate the thought, he must be conversant with the symbols used, as well as in sympathy with the ideas, musical or other, which are expressed. If musical thought is incomprehensible to the hearer, either the thought may be outside his experience or the language is imperfect. Sometimes, also, a writer is more enamored of the means of expression than of the thought that comes to him, and with sad results, for, though by its use language "is the servant, and necessary servant of thought, by its abuse it becomes the compère or even the supplanter of thought."

Thought, and the language of thought, of one man appeals only to those of similar life experiences. Not every man responds to Bach, and some prefer the thought and expression of thought (the expression being always more or less one with the thought) of a Strauss or a Debussy or a Wagner to a Beethoven. It is only for the hearer to whom the composer appeals to judge of the progress or decay of his productions. If Beethoven, to his sympathizer, is greatest in his second period, it is because he was then, in bodily machinery taken as a whole, at his best. If his later works, the sonatas and quartettes, really *are* cloudy, either he did not himself see his way clearly or the means of expression were slipping from his grasp in bodily decay.

Beethoven is by no means the first man to have his "styles,"—to have his works classified by the critics as flowing from the pens of very different or very much altered personalities. It is but to be expected that the works of every man whose career has not

been suddenly terminated by death at the height of his fame, should at least fall into three groups: the immature, those of his highest development, and, those of his decline, though it might be difficult to draw dividing lines.

The man who most recently has been separated into personalities (due to a critical light lit by the flame of war) is Carlyle. G. M. Trevelyan, in "The Two Carlyles," sees a quite different seer from the author of *Sartor Resartus* and the *French Revolution* in the writer of *Frederick the Great*. Accounting for Carlyle's change of attitude toward society, he says, "Much, I am sure, was due to physical and physiological change wrought in him by advancing years. This was the chief, though possibly not the only reason, why Wordsworth wrote glorious poetry between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, and mild verses for Sunday School from thirty-five to eighty, with appalling results on the large volume known and loved by us as his Poetical Works. 'The unimaginable touch of time' affected Carlyle differently but no less strongly. His style and humor were little affected; it was his temper and doctrines that suffered. His later doctrines are the vent he found for the ill temper of his declining years, a dyspeptic old man's failure to endure the diseases his flesh was heir to with the stern but kindly courage with which he had borne them in his youth. After all, the first Carlyle was fifty years of age before he passed away."

Since all mental production proceeds from, or is coincident with, physiologic functioning, it is evident enough, as Trevelyan points out, that, if there are two Carlyles or two Wordsworths, some physiologic change has come about. If we may trust Froude, Carlyle's sufferings were the product of a too vivid and self-critical imagination, but this does not accord with the man as we know him from his earlier works; besides, the imagination is, as has been pointed out, a function of the body and as certainly reacts upon it. The notion that a rat is gnawing at our vitals, produces the same effect as would a real rat chewing away upon our haslet. A sour spirit begets, by physiologic law, a sour stomach, and a continued dyspepsia from some other cause will unfailingly react upon the mind, in kind. The imagination gets the clew from some outside source, and in Carlyle that source must have been a bodily one. Huxley, at sixty, had an illness the effect of which was "that for the first time in his life he began to shrink involuntarily from assuming responsibilities and from appearing on public occasions." "I have been in a disgusting state of blue devils lately. Can't make out what it is; for I really have nothing

the matter except a strong tendency to put the most evil construction upon everything." There was something very much the matter, and no one would attribute it in Huxley to "mere imagination." The depressing nerve impulses set up in Carlyle's "diabolical arrangement called a stomach" and constantly flooding his seat of consciousness, were enough to change his personality.

In connection with these war-born discussions of Carlyle which have filled many magazine pages, the unsympathetic damning him pro-German, his admirers defending him in whole or accounting for his autocratic sentiments as does Trevelyan, it is to be noted that Beethoven also had his political notions, most democratic ones, and that his thought on the emotional side was embodied in the Heroic symphony. His chagrin, when his hero was unmasked, did not sour him against society nor, after its dedication was erased, was it any the worse as a political document expressed in tones.

To return to Beethoven of the three styles, is there a physiological basis for the sharp division of his works? Naturally the compositions of his youth do not equal those of his maturity, for Beethoven's was a development in season, and not after the magic Mozartian fashion. Nor could his foolish parent push nature in the matter. At seventeen Beethoven was "troubled with asthma" and he went through a period (not uncommon in the lives of great men) of depression from fear of a decline into consumption, the disease by which his mother had just been taken from him. About the same time troublesome digestive disorders, destined to dog him all his days (as possibly did asthma), began to make their appearance.

Deafness began to be noticed about 1797 or possibly earlier. In 1800 (beginning of the period of "second style") he writes, "my hearing has become weaker in the last three years, and this infirmity was in the first instance caused by my bowels, which, as you know were already, in the past, in a wretched state, but here I am constantly afflicted with diarrhea, which produces great weakness." And, about the same time, "for the last two years I have avoided all society, for it is impossible for me to say to people, I am deaf." So far as the attribution of his deafness to his diarrhea is concerned, Beethoven doubtless got the idea from some of those earlier body-menders who tinkered at his troubles only to make them worse. In 1802 he wrote, "For the last six years I have been in a wretched condition." Wretched indeed, with so sensitive a nature, and it was in the same year that he wrote "the will."

Apparently here was a poor specimen of a human machine for producing the bravest of musical works, but the "Heroic" symphony was not composed until 1804 or 1805. The fact is that Beethoven was just expanding into the most robust manhood and was possessed of a constitution upon which neither asthma, organs of digestion with which he was constantly on bad terms, nor even deafness (after the first bitter onset) could make much impression even with his otherwise extremely sensitive nature. It was the Beethoven of this period that seemed "power personified," as if "in that limited space was concentrated the pluck of twenty battalions." This was the man who every day, rain or shine, hot or cold, "half walked, half ran" for five miles into the country or twice about the ramparts of Vienna. Only one bubbling over with energy finds pleasure in so much spontaneous motion under his own steam. How many of us puny mortals are so vigorous? That he took his exercise immediately after dinner showed that his meals did not disturb him greatly. From 1800 to 1813, Schindler's Second Period, there was a steady decline of his powers of hearing, and his playing in public was becoming unsatisfactory, at least for others, but we have no knowledge that his disappearance as executant was disappointing to himself.

A more significant event marking the beginning of the third epoch was the death of his brother Carl, and his assumption of the care of his unfortunate nephew. Whatever epithets we may bestow upon this youth, we are doubtless deeply indebted to him for the profound passion which welled into Beethoven's music of this period. At least the boy was a stimulus to production, for the good uncle desired to leave him as much money as possible, and many a child of genius has remained unborn for want of such a commonplace cause as insufficient funds.

There is little mention of illness in Beethoven's letters up to 1816. From this time there are numerous notes to Archduke Rudolph apologizing for failure to keep his engagements as tutor to "His Imperial Highness", and in these he invariably complains of ill health. One might suspect here excuses to escape a disagreeable task, but in 1817 (four years after the opening of the "third phase") he wrote to a friend, Countess Erdödy, "I caught a very severe cold which forced me to keep to my bed for a long time, and many months passed before I could venture out. . . *I still feel the effect from it.*" Letters to other friends in this year speak of ill health, but though "not yet quite well," in January, 1818, he must have been quite his usual self again during this and the succeeding year, for it is to these that the Ninth Symphony and Mass in D belong.

In 1821 he had a severe attack of "rheumatism" and in the next year complained of being troubled with "gout in the chest" (asthma?) and only able to work a little, still it is in this year that Julius Benedict saw him and wrote: "Who could ever forget those striking features? The lofty, vaulted forehead with thick gray and white hair encircling it in the most picturesque disorder, that square, lion's nose, that broad chin, that noble and soft mouth; . . . his thick-set Cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame." Outwardly, decay had certainly not set in, but the symptoms of his last illness were evident and from 1822 on, he struggled against fate with the help of powerful powders and medicinal baths. The tenth symphony was sketched but the task of composition (always a toilsome one for the composer) was delayed. A set of quartettes was ordered, and in 1824 and 1825 he composed or completed op. 127, 130 and 132. In 1826 still another, op. 135, was flung off. If these last works reflect more than usual "a heavenly beauty" it was not likely that the composer was aware (save in the way of all thoughtful men) of his approaching end. There is nothing of self-pity or of the morbid in these works. He still had tremendous vitality, for it was more than a year later that he was able to ride for two days in bitter weather, in that "most wretched vehicle of hell." There was a constantly darkening background, however, of mental suffering against which the flame of so heroic a spirit shone constantly brighter. He composed, without difficulty, the finale of one of the quartettes but four months before his end, and even in the last weeks, those about him, in tune from former years with the trend of his thought and its expression, observed that his mind worked as never before, "his overflow of fancy was indescribable, and his imagination showed an elasticity which his friends had noticed but seldom when he was in health." That nothing inferior (especially at this time, for Beethoven had done pot-boilers in his earlier days) would have fallen from his pen is hinted at in his brave remark to the doctors who were tapping him, "Better water from my belly than from my pen!"

Yes, there are three phases to Beethoven's life, or more, if we choose to so punctuate his progress, but commas should be used rather than larger stops. His works make one sentence, wonderfully well-wrought and periodic. Originating in the thought and expressions of his time, and developing apace with his own peculiar progress, they finally merge into a style bathed in a baffling radiance of sunset glow, "mystic, wonderful," belonging to a realm of thought where we find it difficult as delightful to follow. But if we do not comprehend his utterance, there is no

evidence that it was because of confusion of thought or stammering speech on the part of the composer. That such is the case is also indicated by the fact that the productions of Beethoven's earlier as well as his later years are becoming clearer to his hearers and that the number of "obscure" works is diminishing. "We may look upon the great posthumous quartettes of Beethoven as we would view some unexplorable ranges of distant mountain peaks, content that we may see in their beautiful outlines some suggestions of their grandeur, and knowing that, were we brought into close touch with them, our vision could not at the same time comprehend that perfection of curve and colour that entralls us as we gaze, and gives us what seems to be a glimpse of the unattainable and the Eternal."

If Beethoven in his last works overstepped the bounds of his art, as some would say, they were the steps of a still-growing giant of the most robust sort, for whom his art was too limited, but, for that matter, expression is always a limitation of thought. Throughout, and to the last, there is a wonderful robustness in his works which reflected, or was the reflection of (owing upon which side of the shield we cast our glance), the tremendous bodily vitality of the man. The later Wordsworth and the later Carlyle may have degenerated; the later Beethoven did not. Fortunately his bodily machinery was proof against, in fact made possible, all the mental and emotional storms by which it was swept, and was steadied by that supreme faith of his in the management of the universe, a faith which he wove into all his works—more even into those of his last than of his earliest years. Music is as the light of the ideal burning against the background of the real. That background in Beethoven was dark enough, and the light correspondingly radiant. It was fortunate for humanity that his bodily machinery held so strongly that he was able to put into tones the results of his reachings into the unknown. The wonder is that we whose mental sufferings are comparatively slight, can follow him at all in the final flights of his fancy.

If "thought pure and simple is as near to God as we can get," then musical thought must be purest and simplest of all thought. But our Gods are of our own creating,—they grow out of our own experiences. Those who worship the God of Beethoven will always find in the master's last works an "incalculable depth of thought and closeness of texture . . . and the embodiment of a no less incalculable emotional power." With Sir George Grove we can only believe that "he was always in progress."

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF THE OPÉRA (1669-1919)

By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

“**A**NNO 1669.”—This hybrid inscription, which may be read above the curtain of the *Académie nationale de musique*, reminds the spectators that our foremost lyric stage is a creation of Louis XIV, like its elder sisters the academies of painting and sculpture, of dancing, of inscriptions and belles-lettres, of sciences, and the Academy of Architecture, its junior. In turn royal, national, imperial, following the changes of government, it has survived them all, having had within itself its revolutions, musical or otherwise, its periods of glory or decadence, its golden years or seasons of mediocrity; now in the lead of the musical movement, and again constrained to float with the currents of foreign influence; but always inviting the envy of some elements and the curiosity of others.

Celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, what other lyric stage in the world can boast an equal longevity? Unquestionably, the Paris Opéra was not the first in Europe to be opened to the public. Before it, Venice had had opera houses accessible to the bourgeois and the general public; but, while their existence is no more than a memory, the Parisian “grand opéra,” surviving all revolutions in politics or of taste, has continued—sometimes, as it were, against its will—an unbroken tradition which, despite its imperfections, is not wanting in grandeur.

The history of the Opéra presents a striking parallel to that of France itself, and at times to that of Europe. How many events have originated or found an echo within this creation of royalty, in this hall which, since its foundation, has rejoiced in the privilege of attracting the curiosity and exciting the malevolence of the public! One could not hope to follow the details of its history, even in several volumes; but, with the aid of the numerous sources at present at our disposition, it is possible to give a summary sketch of its salient outlines. This is what has been attempted in the following pages, with no ambition beyond presenting a general description of the evolution of our great lyric theatre under its various aspects from 1669 down to our own days.

I

The offspring of the Court Ballet (which was in high favor since the epoch of the Valois, at least) and the Italian opera (originated at Florence toward the end of the sixteenth century and imported into France by Mazarin), the Paris Opéra was officially founded in 1669. The Italians invited to Paris by the cardinal for the diversion of the queen-mother and the court, had brought out there, from 1645 to 1662, *La Finta Pazza* by Giulio Strozzi, *Egisto* by Cavalli, *Orfeo* by Luigi Rossi, *Le Nozze di Pelleo e Tetide* by Caproli, and finally, for the wedding festivities of Louis XIV, in 1660, the opera *Xerse*, and two years thereafter *Ercole amante*. These works, new to French ears, and played by Italian virtuosi with most luxurious costumes and decorations, attracted all the court, and even certain plain citizens, to the Palais-Royal, the Tuileries, or the Petit-Bourbon. However, reports are contradictory concerning the reception accorded Mazarin's operas by the aristocratic audience of Maria de' Medici. While the "Italianizers," then very numerous at court, took great delight in these spectacles, the French complained that they could not understand a word; and epigrams were coined on

Ce beau mais malheureux Orphée,
Ou pour mieux parler, ce Morphée,
Puisque tout le monde y dormit.

[This handsome but unhappy Orpheus,
Or I should rather say, this Morpheus,
For every one there fell asleep.]

Certain gazetteers or novelists of the time, like Lorot in his *Muze historique*, thought *Xerse* "excessively long" because it lasted "over eight hours and more" (plus de huit heures et davantage). They could make nothing out of the transalpine opera; and so the libretto of *Ercole amante* is provided with a French translation facing the original text, and versified.

The French, who for some years had been possessed of the classic tragedy, owed it to themselves not to lag behind their neighbors, and to adopt (if not to adapt) the *dramma* or *opera per musica* of the Italians. But there was, *inter alia*, a prejudice to be overcome, and one which Jean-Jacques Rousseau took upon himself to defend a century later—that only the Italian language (so it was said) or Latin was suited to music.

Already, in the Théâtre du Marais, the influence of the lyric representations at the court was making itself felt; pieces in

which stage "machines" were employed, such as Corneille's *Andromède*, Boyer's *Ulysse* (both in 1650), Quinault's *La Comédie sans comédie* (1654), Boyer's *Les Amours de Jupiter et de Sémélé* (1666), are themselves operas of a sort or, if one prefer, fairy spectacles, accompanied by music played and sung. There was lacking only the recitative, the disappearance of spoken dialogue, for the creation of the opera.

The first French stage-piece entirely in music appears to have been *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, by Beys and Laguerre (1655), which preceded by four years the famous *Pastorale* by Perrin and Cambert. Perrin of Lyons, abbé Perrin, the starveling poet, and one of the victims of Boileau, was chief Master of Ceremonies with Gaston d'Orléans. Having observed what chances of success stage-pieces with music might have, like those of the Italians, provided that they were intelligible for French ears, he laboriously put together a dramatic poem for musical setting, and sought to create a musical speech to fit the poem. In spite of the vulgarisms and trivialities of his inspiration, one may say that he succeeded.

He associated himself with Robert Cambert, organist at the church of Saint-Honoré, and later to the queen-mother. The fruit of this collaboration was a *Pastorale*, produced in the Parisian suburb of Issy at the residence of M. de La Haye in April, 1659, and before the king, at Vincennes, some weeks subsequently. Mazarin's keen eye noted that the attempt of Perrin and Cambert did not displease his youthful sovereign; he therefore encouraged the poet to continue his endeavors. Perrin, already having a musician, now found another partner, de Rieux, Marquis of Sourdéac, for the purpose of establishing an opera-theatre. But the death of Mazarin in March, 1661, caused the indefinite postponement of the project. Pertinaciously pursuing his plan, Perrin finally (on June 28, 1669) obtained from the young king letters-patent for "academies of opera or representations in music and in the French language, on the footing of those of Italy." This was the first title of the future Royal Academy of Music. Perrin had represented to the king that operas "provide at present the most agreeable divertissements, not only in the cities of Rome, Venice, and other courts of Italy, but likewise in the cities and courts of Germany and England, where the aforesaid Comedies have similarly been established in imitation of the Italians." . . . The king gave permission to Perrin "to take from the public such sums as he should deem advisable," making "very express inhibitions and prohibitions respecting all persons of whatsoever quality

or condition, even the officers of our household, to enter without paying; and to cause to be sung such operas or representations in music with French verses, throughout our kingdom, during twelve years." . . . This privilege decreed, furthermore, that "all *gentils-hommes, damoiselles*, and other persons may sing the aforesaid operas without derogation, by so doing, of the titles of nobility or of their privileges."

Armed with these letters-patent, Perrin set to work with Robert Cambert as composer and the Marquis of Sourdéac as scenic director (this Norman nobleman having a passion for the stage with all manner of mechanical accessories, and who had mounted Corneille's *Toison d'or* in 1660 at his château of Neufbourg); with Beauchamps as ballet-director, and de Bersac de Champeron as joint commissioner.

While a musician—probably La Crille—set out to recruit singers of both sexes in Languedoc, the home of beautiful voices, a search was made for an auditorium wherein to install the future theatre. On October the 8th, 1670, Sourdéac and Champeron hired for five years, at the rate of 2400 livres per annum, the hand-tennis court known as de la Bouteille, situated between Mazarine and de Seine streets, opposite the rue Guénégaud (just at the place where a new street, the rue Jacques Callot, has been cut through). The hall was constructed in five months by Guichard, building-superintendent to the Duke of Orléans; and the theatre was ready for inauguration on March the 19th, 1671, with *Pomone*, a *pastorale* by Perrin and Cambert, in three acts preceded by a prologue. *Pomone*, like the *Pastorale* of Issy, was merely a suite of airs and dialogues between shepherds and shepherdesses; the representation occupied about two hours and a half. For eight months all Paris thronged to hear it, although a seat in the parterre cost half a louis d'or; the attendance was such that clashes took place between the citizens and the pages, lackeys and men in livery who sought to enter in the train of their masters, as they did at other spectacles. It was necessary to promulgate a royal ordinance to prevent them from entering gratis.

Did Perrin, as has been asserted, derive a profit of 10,000 crowns from the first season of the French Opéra? It is hardly probable, for a short time afterward we see him hounded for debts and thrown into jail on complaint of his associate, Sourdéac; while Cambert applied, for a second libretto, to Gabriel Gilbert, author of the *Peines et Plaisirs de l'Amour*; and, lastly, we find him glad to arrange with Lully for the session of his privilege, after having previously ceded it, first to the poet Guichard and

then to the Sieur de Sablière, neither of whom was capable of exploiting it.

Saint-Evremond, in his comedy of the *Opéras*, in which he does not invariably show a tenderness for this new species of the drama, thus passed judgment on Cambert's two works: "One gazed on the machines with surprise, on the dances with pleasure (so he remarks apropos of *Pomone*); one listened to the songs with enjoyment, to the words with disgust." He found the second opera "more polished and refined. The voices and the instruments were already better trained for performing their parts. The Prologue was fine; the Tomb of Climène was admired." . . . He especially noticed a trio of flutes, such as had never been heard "since the Romans."

Nevertheless, Lully, the superintendent of the king's music, having arranged matters with Perrin in consideration, "no doubt, of a considerable present" (so say the brothers Parfait), the king, who honored him (Lully) with high regard, transferred Perrin's privilege to him in the month of March (probably the 13th), 1672. Hence, an inextricable series of lawsuits between Sourdéac and Champeron, on the one part, and Guichard and Sablières on the other, revolve around this privilege of Perrin's, ceded twice in abrupt succession. But the affair was brought to a swift conclusion as regards Lully. On March 24 Colbert wrote to the Attorney-General of the Assembly, de Harley, to decide the case as soon as possible. Six days later the king himself gave orders to have the hall in the rue Mazarine closed from the 1st of April onward. On June 27 a decree of the Assembly terminated the affair, ordering the registration of the letters-patent and condemning Sourdéac and Champeron to indemnify Perrin, Cambert, and the singers of the Opéra. Very soon the war broke out again between Lully and his adversaries. It lasted three years, accompanied by a flood of acrimonious controversial literature.

Thus the French Opéra was born in a welter of chicanery; and we owe to these same controversial pamphlets (which were not all destroyed, as was ordered by the decree of August the 12th, 1677), many a bit of information concerning the infancy of the Académie royale de musique.

Cambert left Paris later, and went to live in England at the court of Charles II; Lully's enemies declared that he brought about Cambert's assassination in 1677. Guichard betook himself to Madrid, to attempt to found another opera there. As for the artists of the troupe, the "demoiselles" Aubry and Brigogne, and the "sieurs" Clédières, Beaumavielle, Tholet, Miracle, and

some others, unknown to us, were taken by Lully into the troupe he was forming. He selected the hand-tennis court of Bel-air in the rue de Vaugirard, on the eastern boundary of the Luxembourg Gardens (where the rue de Médicis now runs), and there, without delay (on Nov. 13, 1672), he brought out a pastorale, *Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*, with text by Molière, Ben-serade and Quinault. This he did, so to speak, simply in order to signalize his taking possession of the Académie royale de musique, the title under which the French Opéra was thenceforward known until the Revolution.

The following year, 1673, marks two notable events—the death of Molière on Feb. 17, and two months later (April 27?) the first representation of *Cadmus et Hermione*, the opening number of that uninterrupted series of lyric tragedies which Lully and Quinault were to produce until they died, and of which several lived for an entire century, until the advent of Gluck.

The disappearance of Molière afforded the Florentine [Lully] a more or less generous opportunity to expel the Comédiens français from the Palais-Royal, and to install himself in their stead. On the day after, the king conceded this auditorium to him, and the troupe of Molière had no other resource than to take refuge in Perrin's old hall in the rue Guénégaud; and Lully celebrated on January the 19th, 1674, his entry into the Palais-Royal with a representation of *Alceste*.

Writing solely for his own theatre, with the almost exclusive collaboration of Quinault, Lully produced, down to his death in 1686, fourteen lyric tragedies, besides several pastorales, idyls, mascarades and ballets, and, however he might be engrossed by the direction of the Opéra and the care of his personal affairs, a certain number of scores performed at court during the same period. The artistic heritage which he gave to posterity was somewhat like the empire of Alexander, despite all the minute precautions he had taken. For no one was ready to take his place in his various incarnations of director, administrator, supervisor of the ballets as well as the costumes and the scenic decorations, the singers, the choruses and the orchestra; having only one assistant, the "machinist" Vigarani, and retaining under his supervision his two "batteurs de coure" and sole occasional collaborators, Lalouette and Colasse. At the close of his singularly fortunate career—having amassed through speculation a fortune of 800,000 francs, probably equal to four millions to-day—he had veritably created French opéra, had formed a troupe of singers and instrumentalists which excited the admiration of Europe,

trained by a discipline which was relaxed when he passed away. "He had them all so well in hand that they received without protest whatever he dealt out to them," says Lecerf de le Viéville. "I can assure you that, under Lully's control, the men-singers would not have had colds six months of the year, nor would the women-singers have been drunk four days of the week."

Quelle pitié pour l'Opéra
Depuis qu'on a perdu Baptiste.

[Evil days for the Opéra since they lost Baptiste.]

So they sang, ten years after his death. Jean-Louis Lully, the younger, having survived his father by only one year, the Opéra passed into the hands of his brother-in-law Jean-Nicolas Francine, whose family, Florentine like that of Lully, furnished the king for a century with a whole line of hydraulic engineers, or *fontaniers* (fountainers) as they were more simply styled at the time of Louis XIV.

With Francine begin, in the administration of the Opéra, the financial combinations which, so to say, pursue each other without interruption down to our day. Sometimes the royal privilege was a source of advantages which some one or other tried to snap up, or—and this was oftenest the case—a cause of worries and deficits, which the owner of the privilege sought to unload, either upon the King, or on the City of Paris. Francine associated himself with Hyacinthe de Gaureau Dumont, the King's equerry and governor of Meudon; after involving themselves in debts to the extent of some 380,000 livres, Francine and Dumont in 1704 ceded their privilege to Guyenet, paymaster of the government rentes, who died in 1712, completely ruined, and leaving considerable debts, whereof 166,000 livres were due actors and employees, who threatened to go on strike. The period of difficulties began with the opening century—a period which, it is true, included the last years of Louis XIV, a time of war and wretchedness, and was anything but favorable to the arts of peace. Francine then negotiated with the creditors of Guyenet, and obtained from them a prorogation of the privilege until 1732; in exchange, he demanded of the syndicate of Guyenet's creditors 20,000 livres, and Dumont 12,000 annually. This arrangement lasted till 1721, under the exalted supervision of the duke d'Antin (appointed in 1715 by the regent) and M. de Landivisiau. From the account submitted at this time by the creditors of Guyenet it appears that in one year 161 representations yielded about 193,000 livres in receipts, or some 1200 livres per evening. The Ball, then a recent creation,

added 54,000 livres more; with further receipts from various sources (for example, the rent from the café, ground-rents from the provincial opéras, arrearages from 1720), the sum-total of receipts amounted to 402,620 livres, whereas the expenses totaled only 285,522. Nevertheless, the syndicate, having increased their debts payable by 80,000 livres, retired. Francine once more assumed the direction of the Académie royale de musique for seven years, and died in 1735, giving over the Opéra to sieur Gruër, who obtained on June 1, 1730, a concession for thirty years.

It would appear that the directorate of the aforesaid Gruër was short and merry. In partnership with a certain Lebœuf and the count of Saint-Gilles, under the chief supervision of the prince de Carignan, Gruër was dispossessed scarcely a year subsequent to his nomination, as a sequel to an incident celebrated in the annals of the Opéra. Not far from the cour du Carrousel, in the rue Saint-Nicaise, there had been established (in 1713) the "magazine" of the Opéra, serving both as a storage house for costumes and decorations, and as a school of music, the embryo of the future Conservatoire. One day in the month of June Gruër arranged with several of his friends and his artists (Mme. Pélistier, M. Petitpas, Mme. Camargo, and others) to give a little party at the magazine. The ladies, discommoded by the heat of summertime assisted by champagne, very soon made themselves so entirely comfortable as to be revealed to the neighbors in the narrow rue Saint-Nicaise in the simplest of apparel. This bacchanale, authenticated by a police report of June 15, 1731, put an end to the ephemeral reign of our too-galant director Gruër. Lecomte, his successor, held out but little longer; and in 1733 the heritage of Lully passed into the hands of an ex-captain of the Picardy regiment, Thuret, a natural son of the duke of Savoy. In this same year Rameau, already over fifty, made his début with the opéra *Hippolyte et Aricie*.

II

From Lully to Rameau—almost a half-century—there had been an insensible evolution of the opera. While the repertory of the Florentine was still in vogue, and revived with success for the most part, and his imitators, like those of Quinault, were dressing up all the mythological legends as lyric tragedies, a new genre, infinitely less stilted and more in harmony with the spirit of the time, was little by little establishing its esthetic influence. As early as 1685 the first ballet (*Les Saisons*, by Pic and Colasse), consisting of "entrées" (scenes), each of which forms a subject,

gave a foretaste of this new formula wherein song and dance share the stage, either together or alternately. It was, in a measure, a return to the earlier Ballet of the Court, but with a rigorous suppression of all declamatory parts. Two years later came *l'Europe galante*, by La Motte-Houdard and Campra; it was at once the model and the masterpiece of similar works. The epoch of this ballet marks an important interior reform in the Académie royale. Thenceforward, authors received royalties—one hundred livres for each representation up to the tenth; fifty livres from the eleventh to the twentieth (to the thirtieth, for lyric tragedies). In 1699, on the other hand, the "droit des pauvres" (a sort of poor-tax) was introduced, the prices of the seats being raised one-fifth; a seat in the parterre cost 36 sous instead of 30; the second-tier boxes 3 l. 12 s. instead of 3 l.; the dress-boxes 7 l. 4 s. instead of 6 l.

The authors of these ballets did not levy contribution solely on mythology (*Les Éléments* by Destouches; *Les Amours des Dieux*, by Mouro; *Les Stratagèmes de l'Amour*), but made excursions into foreign lands—Italy, Spain, Turkey—furnishing pretexts for exotic dances, costumes, and decorations. In *Le Carnaval de Venise* (1699, which by the way, was never revived) Campra even introduced before the end of the third act an entire short Italian opéra, *Orphée aux Enfers*. This style became so popular, that Lully's old works were searched through and through for "fragments" which were then set end to end, not without re-instrumenting them to suit the taste of modern ears. In a word, the ballet of the eighteenth century is a species of variety show.

Another revolution: In 1726, for Rebel and Francœur's *Pyrame et Thisbé*, we find as scenic artist the successor of Bérain fils, the chevalier Servandoni, whose marvelous architectural and decorative inventions were described by Le Mercure to its readers without sparing them a single detail. Three years later we notice the ephemeral emergence of two Italian intermezzi; this had no perceptible influence at the time, but several persons began to compare French music with Italian, which latter the Concert Spirituel, established at the Tuileries for the off-days of the Opéra, was already importing successfully. At the Opéra, music-lovers still frankly preferred what was afterwards called the "plain-chant" of Lully. At Eastertide in 1732 applause was bestowed impartially on *Jephthé*, the first Biblical tragedy (by Montéclair), and the new decorations in the hall of the Palais-Royal, the home of the Académie for the preceding half-century.

It was within this restored frame that the masterpieces of Rameau were shown, the music of which was criticized, at the outset, as too learned, too difficult, but whose newness and harmonic richness soon pleased—for every other year *Hippolyte et Aricie* was succeeded by *Les Indes galantes*, *Castor et Pollux*, *Les Fêtes d'Hébé*, and *Dardanus*, besides ten other works, whose revivals purveyed to the Opéra until the coming of the chevalier Gluck.

With Rameau, ill-seconded in general by wretched literary collaborators, the genre created by Lully "attained to the supreme degree of perfection; the venture of the first half of the eighteenth century resulted in something of a definitive nature, in developing the 'spectacle,' in the display of the marvelous, in the scintillations of the fairy-play." (L. de La Laurencie). Rameau speedily won triumphs, both at court and in the town. The majority of his pieces were first given at Versailles or Fontainebleau, where extremely brilliant spectacles were produced toward the middle of the century. It even happened that the troupe of the Opéra, frequently called upon to assist at court festivals by the *Menus-plaisirs* of the King, was somewhat too neglectful of the Parisian stage; wherefore the successor of Thuret, François Berger (1744-1748), obtained an annual subvention of 80,000 livres for such service. However, in the first sixteen months of his directorate, he lost 250,000 livres. Hereupon the Royal Council dismissed the prince de Carignan and "gave" the Opéra to the city of Paris, under the control of minister d'Argenson. Rebel and Francœur (those musical Siamese twins, authors of a respectable number of scores penned in collaboration), Reyer and—once again—Thuret, then Bontemps and Levasseur, participated in the direction from 1749 to 1757.

Now it was that the first musical war broke out; the appearance of the Italian *bouffons* in 1752 provoked polemics of unusual violence for the ensuing two years. The *bouffons* finally forsook the field, carrying off their intermezzi; but for all that they had influenced both the public taste and French composers; this was very evident at the revival of *Castor et Pollux*, recast by Rameau after an interval of seventeen years. Furthermore, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who had so vehemently taken sides against French music, brought out his French comedy-opera *Le Devin du Village* (1752), and Dauvergne produced *Les Troqueurs* at the Théâtre Italien.

The ten years of the second directorate of Rebel and Francœur offer nothing especially notable from the musical viewpoint;

they merely exploited the current repertory, from Lully to Rameau. Moreover, a sudden accident absolved them from seeking after masterworks. On the 6th of April, 1762, the hall which had been the home of the Opéra for ninety years disappeared in flames, and the Académie royale took refuge in the old "salle à machines" in the Tuileries, where chevalier Servandoni came to produce his spectacles. They were succeeded (1767-1769) by two musicians, Berton and Trial. Berton, the conductor of the theatre orchestra, relinquished the bâton to his predecessor, Francoeur. The city having again taken over the Opéra, he remained at its head, with Trial, Dauvergne, and Joliveau. Result—debts amounting to 500,000 livres. It is probable that the new hall of the Palais-Royal, inaugurated on January the 16th, 1770, and trenchantly criticized (like all new auditoriums of theatres), did not attract the musical public; we find *Castor et Pollux*, in 1772, showing receipts of 500 livres for an evening, and somewhat later certain "fragments" took in even less! But on another occasion this same *Castor* brought in 3000 livres. So it came, that Louis XVI entrusted the direction to the management of his Menus-plaisirs (1776-1778).

III

The second musical war had just begun. Since two years the production of Gluck's *Iphigénie* and *Orphée* had precipitated discussions which grew yet more acrimonious with the advent of the Italian Piccinni, an ex-protégé of Mme. Dubarry. This time the arguments took a still more violent turn than at the epoch of the *bouffons*, which is partly explicable by the fact that in the meantime the periodical press had been powerfully developed. Gluck himself being championed by the first daily journal to appear in France, the *Journal de Paris*, it came to pass that the former exchange of pamphlets between the two camps was superseded by an incessant volleying of retorts in the various sheets at the disposal of either side. We should also take into consideration the growing emancipation preceding the Revolution, and the deepseated mental fermentation which characterized the reign of Louis XVI.

The struggle between the partisans of Gluck, Rameau and Piccinni turned the scale definitively in favor of the "Germanic Orpheus," as the phrase ran. In 1785 Rameau disappeared from the Opéra with *Castor et Pollux*; whereas Gluck, dominating our lyric history for half a century, maintained himself until the advent of Rossini, in the neighborhood of 1830. These fifty years of our

lyric history, taking their course amidst the events of the Revolution and the Empire, were not without glory for our French School, toward which the eyes of the great foreign composers were turned. Although Piccinni left no deep mark on the repertory, his compatriots Sacchini and Salieri presented it with two masterpieces—*Edipe à Colonne* (1787), the most sweeping success of the old Opéra, with nearly six hundred representations, and *Les Danaïdes* (1784). Nevertheless, various currents, various tendencies, may be noted among the composers who wrote for the Opéra. The musicians of Pleasure, of the Loves and Graces, the gallant petits-mâtres of the century of Louis XV, still retained a faithful following; but the Italians on the one hand, and Gluck on the other, have arrived, and make the scores of a Mouret, a Mondonville, or even of Rameau himself, seem a trifle insipid and jejeune.

The period of Gluck marks a return to a more antique severity, —does not Gluck, and his imitators as well, take for librettists Racine himself and Quinault, dressed to suit the prevailing taste? —to an antiquity like that in vogue under Louis XVI. But, concurrently, the opera-libretto shows modernizing tendencies; under the influence of the bourgeois tragedy and the comedy-opera it becomes melodramatic; from the mythological and heroic it turns to the historical (like those by Metastasio), chivalrous and patriotic. Sentimentality, virtue à la Rameau, to which free reign were given at the Opéra-Comique (with Grétry, for example), the civic spirit awakened in the breasts of the contemporaries of Lafayette and M. de Monthyon, inspire by turns the staging of new opéras which display to our eyes the tapestries of Greuze or David, instead of confronting us with the courtly countrysides of Pater or Watteau, or the voluptuous tableaux of Boucher.

Hence the motley susceptibilities of *Le Seigneur bienfaisant*, set to music by Floquet (1780); *l'Embarras des richesses*, by Grétry (1781); *Adèle de Ponthieu*, by Laborde and Berton (1772), and reset by Piccinni in 1781; *Ernelinde, princesse de Norvège*, by Philidor (1767), one of whose choruses, "Jurez sur vos glaives sanglants," won celebrity during the Revolution; *Pizarro, ou la Conquête du Mexique*, by Candeille; *Louis IX en Égypte*, by Lemoigne.—Here and there the dawn of romanticism and realism may be glimpsed in these libretti, if not in the scores, for which latter the composers strive to appropriate the novel procedures of the chevalier Gluck. Berton and Philidor recast their works for the revivals in 1774. Beaumarchais, with Salieri, attempts a medley of all the genres.

The Revolution gave birth to productions no less astonishing, on whose creation musicians like Grétry collaborated with no sense of shame. But at that time the great lyric stage was far from monopolizing the entire musical movement. The liberty accorded to the theatres having taken away its exclusive privileges, raised up competitors—the Opéra-Comique, which had grown despite all hindrances placed in the way of its development by the Académie royale de musique, and the Théâtre Feydeau. Not until the establishment of the Empire, which limited the number of lyric scenes to three (Opéra, Opéra-Comique and Italiens) do we see it regain its lustre of oldentime.

After the conflagration of 1781, the Opéra was transferred to the boulevard Saint-Martin, occupying a hall constructed in four months—a “provisional” hall which did not disappear till 1871, and likewise by fire. The direction was now undertaken by De Vismes de Valgay, and then by Berton and Dauvergne (from 1778 to 1790); then the City of Paris once more assumed it during two years, and handed it over to Francœur (the nephew) and Cellerier, whose successors, from 1793 to 1797, were a committee, followed by a Commission of Administration. Having become, from the Tenth of August, the Théâtre des Arts, the Revolution forced it to vacate the boulevard on the eve of the 9th Thermidor, and installed it in a large and handsome hall of which citizen Montensier had been dispossessed, opposite the National Library, rue de la Loi (erewhile rue de Richelieu). Here fantastical receipts—in paper money—were realized; on the 18th Prairial of the year IV (June 6, 1796), with *Iphigénie en Tauride*, the *Hymne à la Victoire*, and the ballet of *Psyché*, there were taken in 1,071,350 livres; but, the value of the assignat being ten centimes for one hundred livres, the actual receipts amounted to 1071 livres and seven sous!

None of these divers forms of administration having proved more fortunate than the others, a certain stability in the lyric management was not attained until the arrival of the Consulate and the Empire. From 1802 to 1807 Morel-Lemoyne was director under the control of M. de Luçay, prefect of the Palace, making room for Picard (1807-1816), under the orders of the administration of theatres. The Restoration pursued the same policy.

From the Revolution to the Restoration the hall in the rue de la Loi witnessed manifestations of the most diverse nature, in which music did not always play the leading rôle. Formerly, under Louis XIV and Louis XV, the Opéra celebrated, in its prologues, the great events of the reign—royal marriages and births,

treaties of peace. Under the Revolution a whole series of patriotic works was represented, whose subjects were borrowed either from antiquity or from contemporary events. After *Le Triomphe de la République*, by Joseph Chénier and Gossec (first produced in the hall in the boulevard Saint-Martin), came *La Patrie reconnaissante*, by Candeille (six weeks before *Le Mariage de Figaro* by Mozart, words by Notaris, played only five times!); *Le Siège de Thionville*, by Jadin; *Miltiade à Marathon* and *Toute la Grèce*, by de Lemoyne; *Horatius Coclès*, by Méhul; *Toulon soumis*, an "historic incident," by Rochefort; *La Réunion du Dix Août*, a "sans-culottide in five acts and in verses interspersed with dialogue, dances, and military evolutions," by Rouquier and Moline (the librettist of Gluck's *Orphée*). "On the stage of *Iphigénie* and *Didon* only the rolling of drums, cannon-shots, bugle-calls, were now heard. The Opéra, which for more than a century had been a pagan Olympus, was suddenly transformed into a camp. . . . The public was very eager to view these moving spectacles. This is proved by the 444,539 livres of receipts during the season of 1792-3 at the Opéra." (A. de Lassalle.) *Denys le tyran*, and *La Rosière républicaine*, both by Grétry, are the last works of the revolutionary period. And for three years thereafter, down to *Anacréon chez Polycrate*, by this same Grétry, not one novelty!

Antiquity, so much in vogue before the Revolution, again came into its own on the stage under the Directory. We still take note, however, of one more patriotic "occasional piece," *La Nouvelle au camp, ou le Cri de vengeance* (June 12, 1799), suggested by the assassination of the French plenipotentiaries at Rastatt. The following year, on Christmas Eve, an incomparably more musical novelty was presented; at the Théâtre des Arts *The Creation*, by Haydn, was produced. That same evening a tragedy was enacted on the street. It will be remembered that the carriage of the First Consul, leaving the Tuileries by the rue Saint-Nicaise on the way to attend the above production, barely escaped demolition by an infernal machine. Bonaparte was a little late in arriving in the rue de la Loi, but the audience heard of nothing until the entr'acte of the oratorio.—This style of music, which for a long time had not been current in France, where it had enjoyed a certain vogue at the Concerts Spirituels in the Tuileries, very probably inspired Guillard and Lesueur to write *La Mort d'Adam* (1809), and Hoffmann and Kreutzer in penning *La Mort d'Abel* (1810). These two Biblical essays achieved only moderate success. In spite of the ballets with which Gardel had adorned Lesueur's oratorio, *La Mort d'Adam* appeared but a very

few times; the one by Kreutzer had a revival in 1823, which provoked the enthusiastic letter of the youthful Berlioz, so frequently quoted:

O genius!

I succumb! I die! My tears choke me! The Death of Abel! ye gods!—

What an infamous public! It feels nothing! What does it need, then, to move it?—

The youthful romanticist, at this time still a student of medicine, exclaims thus through a score of lines, winding up by deploring the insensibility of "these stupid oafs who are scarcely worthy of listening to the pantalooneries of that buffoon of a Rossini! Ah! GENIUS!!!—"

In sober truth, the "infamous public" would not be satisfied with the ingenious score of the worthy Kreutzer, and did not relish this pseudo-oratorio except on condition that it was followed by a ballet from the repertory. It was the same with a *Saul* by citizens Morel, Deschamps and Després, the music (?) by Kalkbrenner and Lachnith, in which these five authors had pilaged poets and composers—Racine, J.-B. Rousseau, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, etc. This *Saul* held the stage, accompanied by a ballet, from 1803 to 1818. One of the authors of this hodge-podge, Lachnith, was the same who, two years earlier, had concocted from Mozart's *Zauberflöte* the monstrous pasticcio entitled *Les Mystères d'Isis*, in collaboration with the same Morel (whilom de Chédeville); and it was in this form only that Mozart's masterpiece was known, until 1827, in France!

Before the production of *La Vestale*, by Spontini, the repertory of the Académie impériale de musique offers nothing of importance except *Ossian, ou les Bardes*, by Lesueur (1804). This opera, which inaugurated the Académie "impériale" de musique, was a romantic experiment which had but slight success in spite of Lesueur's great talent, too serious for the taste of the period. And when, for the first and only time, the decennial prize for opera founded by the Emperor was awarded, it was the Italian Spontini who won it over the French composer. The year following, Spontini triumphed again with *Fernand Cortez*, a so-called historic opéra and also a grand spectacle; the "cavalry"—sixteen horses from the stables of the Franconi circus, mounted by their grooms in sumptuous costumes all draped with gold—was not the least attraction of the show.

Insensibly the mythological opera, whose subjects, it was finally agreed, had been overworked and worn out, abandons the

field; the exalted old order passes away, to be succeeded by the historical tableau. After the tragedy, the drama; the age of Scribe is nearing.

But, the Académie impériale again becomes *royale*, after twenty-three revolutionary years.—The events of 1814 and 1815 did not fail to find an echo in the rue de Richelieu, formerly rue de la Loi. In the colorless repertory presented by Picard and his successors while awaiting Rossini's advent, there may be found several "occasional" pieces—at the end of the Empire *l'Oriflamme*, by Méhul, Paër, Berton, Kreutzer, and Gardel for the ballet (Feb. 1, 1814); and, during the Hundred Days, *Pélage, ou le Roi de la Paix* (April 23, 1814), by Spontini and Gardel. These titles and these dates sufficiently illuminate the general scope of these rhapsodies, hastily outfitted amid the crowded rush of events which the great official stage sought to comment upon and render manifest to the eyes of the public. But, while expecting the "happy return" of King Louis XVIII, the Opéra advertised, on April 10, 1814, *Le Triomphe de Trajan*, which was replaced at the last moment by *La Vestale*. The emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia, together with a multitude of foreign officers, assisted at the spectacle. The ancient French song *Vive Henri IV* was sung, corrupted by an improvisation on the same air: *Vive Guillaume et ses vaillants guerriers!* (Long live William and his valiant warriors!) However, the people did not vibrate precisely in unison with this royalistic enthusiasm, for the suburbs were yet smoking from the incendiary fires started by yesterday's fights.

IV

Rossini came at last! The epoch of Spontini, following the reign of Gluck and relegating the French composers to second place until Auber and Halévy, marks a revolution towards the modern opera, the "grand opera," of which the Meyerbeer series was to form the most complete expression.

The festivals and spectacles of the Revolution, on the one hand, and, on the other, the active competition with the Opéra of theatres formerly subordinated to it and in which musical internationalism already held sway, both contributed, if not to revolutionize the Académie impériale (now once again *royale*), at least sufficiently to hasten its progress in the direction of the romantic style so generally demanded by the public. *Le Siège de Corinthe*, by Rossini (the second version of his *Maometto II*), opened the new era which, within ten years, was to bring forth

Le Comte d'Ory, Guillaume Tell, La Muette de Portici, Robert le Diable, Les Huguenots, La Juive. And yet this score caused Vitet to write that Rossini had "carried harmonic effects to such a degree of complication, that one might be permitted to ask if he had not rendered any sort of innovation impossible." (!)

About the year 1830, music, like painting and literature, was to enter its romantic period. And this was a fortunate thing for music—fortunate in every sense of the word; because, since Lully, the reign of Louis-Philippe presents, in the person of Doctor Véron, the first director who left office without a deficit.

Replacing a Papillon de La Ferté at the head of the Menus-plaisirs (not the former head, however, for the intendant of Louis XVI had been guillotined), the Restoration had confided the Opéra to musicians: Choron and Persuis, to begin with (1816-1819); then Viotti, the renowned violinist; finally, Habeneck and Duplantys (1821-1824-1826). With Lubbert closes the *ancien régime*. The chief supervision was entrusted to the superintendent—Papillon, de Blacas, de Lauriston, the duke of Doudeauville and, lastly, viscount Sosthènes de La Rochefoucault. "The descendant of the author of the Maxims, viscount Louis-François Sosthènes, did not pursue with his sighs a duchess de Longueville of the Opéra (writes A. Royer); but his pious fervor seized upon the skirts of the dancers, which he caused to be made longer in order that evil thoughts might not be suggested to the spectators. . . . Under this moral administration the Opéra cost the Civil List, in the year 1827, the enormous sum of 966,000 fr., in spite of the State subvention and the 300,000 fr. obtained by a special assessment levied on secondary theatres and raree-shows."

This iniquitous assessment, deriving from the ancient privilege of the Opéra, had naturally been abolished under the Revolution. The Empire reestablished it in 1811; no ball or concert could be given unless one-fifth of the gross receipts was turned over to the Opéra. For lyric theatres the assessment was only one-twentieth (5%), the poor-tax being deducted. One could neither sing nor dance except at the Opéra or with its permission. The tax on concerts, without distinction, exercised a most untoward influence on the development of symphonic music and chamber-music in France; it made public hearings of such music well-nigh impossible.

To these taxes, estimated to yield 30,000 fr. per annum, the Restoration added two subventions—one from the Civil List, the other from the funds of the theatres.

Under the directorate of Viotti an event disastrous to the dynasty of the Bourbons caused the sudden closing of the hall in the rue de Richelieu; on Feb. 13, 1820, duke de Berry, while leaving the Opéra before the close of the performance, was assassinated by Louvel. The theatre was immediately closed, and speedily given over to the house-wreckers in obedience to the injunctions of the archbishop of Paris. During one year the Académie royale played in the Salle Favart, thereafter in the small Salle Louvois, while, on the other side of the boulevard, architect Debret, utilizing for the interior decoration a quantity of materials abstracted from the Salle de la Montensier, was constructing on the Choiseul property the theatre in the rue Le Peletier, burned down Oct. 29, 1873.

Abrogating the decree of 1811, Louis-Philippe established for the first time the modern regulations: management in partnership, and subvention (1831). Eugène Véron, physician, journalist (founder of the first *Revue de Paris*), was made Director for six years; like many others among his predecessors, he did not finish his term of office, but not for the same reasons! And now, although for one hundred and fifty years every one touching the Opéra had been ruined, Véron, thanks to his subvention, thanks also to Auber, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, retired in 1835 after amassing a fortune. His successor in office, the architect Duponchel, was less fortunate. Léon Pillet (1841-1847) continued the line of deficit-making directors. He disappeared, a victim of the cabal set on foot against the "favorite," Mme. Stoltz, leaving debts to the amount of half a million. And, notwithstanding, he had mounted *Charles V*, by Halévy, *Der Freischütz* (revised by Berlioz), *La Reine de Chypre*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Duponchel, with Roqueplan, and then this latter by himself, again undertook the direction during the difficult period between 1847 and 1854 (Girard, Habeneck's successor at the head of the orchestra, having the musical direction), and staged only one long-lived work, *Le Prophète*.

No thought was given, or had been given for a long time, to our old French musicians, or even to Gluck and his school. Nothing would do but the historical opera, the grand spectacular opera, invented by Scribe and his imitators. A recrudescence of the antique with *Sapho*, which had only nine representations, barely made the public acquainted with the name of a musician whose glorious future Roqueplan was unable to foresee—Charles Gounod, who reappeared with no better success at the début of the next Direction with *La Nonne sanglante* (Oct. 18, 1854),

that opera by Scribe and Germain Delavigne the libretto of which had been offered successively to Meyerbeer, Halévy, Clapisson, Verdy, Grisar, Berlioz, and Félicien David.

The Civil List had then taken in hand the supreme management of the Académie de musique (*redivivus impériale*), and allowed a subvention of 900,000 francs to the Director. The least that can be said of this period, evidently a most brilliant one, is that it left nothing which might be turned to profit at the present time. The Opéra let Gounod take his *Faust* to Carvalho's Théâtre-Lyrique (1859), and then accepted his *La Reine de Saba*, which disappeared after fifteen performances (1862); and was not able to maintain *Tannhäuser*, whose failure retarded our musical evolution by thirty years. This situation was quite similar to that of the revolutionary epoch; in the artistic field the Opéra was outdistanced and, so to speak, replaced by Carvalho and his Théâtre-Lyrique, as it had been formerly by Feydeau. Under the direction of Royer and Perrin (1856, 1862-70) we can mention scarcely three or four works whose titles mean anything to us to-day: *l'Africaine*, *Hamlet*, *Faust* (imported from the Théâtre-Lyrique in 1869), and *Coppélia*, given on March 25, 1870. It would appear that on the eve of the war a revival of Gluck's *Armide* was planned; but, on a similar experiment in 1861, *Alceste* had met with little success, although it had had some few representations, thanks to Mme. Viardot, who had previously rehabilitated *Orphée* at Carvalho's theatre—and so a ballet had to be tacked on to it in order to realize presentable receipts! The same thing happened five years later; beginning with the fourth performance, the production was limited to the first two acts!

V

After the war and the Commune the Opéra (now the Académie nationale de musique) dwelt two years longer in the rue Le Peletier—until the fire. Halanzier, whose good fortune it was to inaugurate the new home of the Opéra—in process of construction since 1861 in the boulevard des Capucines—Halanzier staged *Érostrate*, by Reyer (October, 1871), and then sought refuge in the Salle des Italiens, in the place Ventadour, there to await the opening of the palace then being hastily completed by the architect, Charles Garnier.

On January the 5th, 1875, with the utmost pomp and ceremony, the Third Republic inaugurated the New Opéra, fresh from the builders' hands, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of

London. The grand stairway, the foyer with its much-admired frescos by Baudry, the auditorium all a-shimmer with gilding, sufficed to attract the crowd for some months; the Exposition of 1878 soon deluged the fortunate Halanzier with a flood of receipts hitherto unknown. After Lully, Halanzier was the third Director able to retire with a fortune; he made haste to do so when the Exposition closed. But, alas! the artistic reckoning hardly balanced a financial prosperity unheard-of in lyric annals. Instead of profiting by the influx of spectators who came to *see*, and staging novelties with a future or reviving classic works, the management contented itself with deploying, in the new Opéra, the repertory of the time of Louis-Philippe—Rossini, Meyerbeer, and their consorts. Still, we have to mention the appearance of Verdi with *Aida* (created, however, at the Théâtre-Italien), the début of Massenet with *Le Roi de Lahore*, the return of Gounod with *Polyeucte*, and the success of Delibes' delightful ballet *Sylvia*.

Vaucorbeil succeeded Halanzier. The directorate of this musician—for Vaucorbeil was a composer—lasted for five years and ended with a deficit of a million and a half; but at least it had augmented the repertory with *Françoise de Rimini* (Ambroise Thomas), *Henry VIII* (Saint-Saëns), *Namouna* (Lalo), and *Le Korrigane* (Widor).

Following a short interregnum, during which the administration of the Beaux-Arts merely increased the deficit, it became necessary to find a new Director; two were discovered, in the persons of Ritt and Gailhard. For the latter, who died quite recently, there now began an almost uninterrupted directorial career extending over twenty-four years, sometimes with and sometimes without associates. Though the closing septennates of Pierre (called Pedro) Gailhard were prosperous, the inception of the first was attended by no little difficulty. But the Exposition of 1889 came to repair the breaches in the budget; Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, borrowed from the Opéra-Comique, which had taken it over from the older Théâtre-Lyrique, had no fewer than sixty-three performances in one year, escorted by *Faust* with twenty-four. The sole novelty was *La Tempête*, by Ambroise Thomas, the earlier repertory still providing *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert*, *La Juive*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Favorite*, *Le Prophète*, *l'Africaine*, *Hamlet*, *Coppélia*, *Aida*, *Rigoletto*, interspersed with several later works by French composers—*Le Cid*, by Massenet; *Sigurd*, by Reyer (created at the Monnaie in Brussels); and *Patrie*, by Paladilhe.

In spite of all the talent of our composers—to whom the great concerts gave a warmer welcome than the theatre (and the Exposition could not last for ever!)—it was shortly recognized that something was wrong, that a lyric crisis impended that must be met at all hazards. The situation bore a certain resemblance to the one which we noted particularly before the advent of Gluck, or that of Rossini.

A name of worldwide celebrity was lacking on the programs of the Opéra; the symphonic concerts had long since possessed themselves of this name, and, from 1887 onward, a perception commenced to dawn—with Alexandre Dumas, Léo Delibes, Paladilhe, Lalo, d'Indy, *e tutti quanti*—that there is no more use in quarreling with one's ears than with one's stomach, and that it was rather humiliating that Paris should be the only capital where *Lohengrin* was not a feature of the repertory, like *Le Domino noir* or *Les Huguenots*. Gailhard fell in with this opinion—more from interest than from conviction, it appears—towards the end of his first directorate. On Oct. 16, 1891, *Lohengrin*—hissed at the Eden, under the direction of Lamoureux, in 1887, for extra-musical reasons—*Lohengrin*, by Wagner, was produced at the Opéra, and furnished no fewer than thirty-five representations in two and one-half months. Then Bertrand began his septennate. With Edouard Colonne as musical director, he set out with the intention of making the theatre accessible to the multitude. Alas! this praiseworthy intention cost him, in fifteen months, more than a half-million. He was obliged to give it up and recall Gailhard, who was sole Director from 1899 to 1908. Now the rich Wagnerian vein was thoroughly worked; *Die Walküre* (which still gave occasion for some protests) followed *Lohengrin* on May 12, 1893; then came *Tannhäuser*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Siegfried*, *Tristan*, so that finally nothing further was left to be staged but *Rheingold*, *Götterdämmerung*, and *Parsifal*. And this was accomplished by Messrs. Messager and Broussan, whose stormy directorate came to a close at the declaration of war, which supervened in the nick of time, as they had already offered their resignation to the ministry on July 11, 1914.

The "Wagner question" was the one most prominently before the musical world in the nineteenth century. The multifarious personality of the poet-musician, reformer, critic, and, above all, man of the stage, known as Richard Wagner, was bound to arouse violent polemics and passionate admiration the world over. It was not only at Paris that Wagner was hissed during his lifetime, but also at Berlin and Vienna. It is not sufficiently

known, in France, what difficulties, what hostility, the art of Wagner encountered beyond our frontiers. If we add that in France, for reasons of a more commercial than patriotic nature, the press was busy in stirring up certain personal animosities in order to keep his works away from the Opéra (even while they were already playing in the provinces, at Lyons, at Rouen, at Nantes!), we need not be surprised at the delay of this theatre in adopting him. It was a great mistake, whose consequences heavily handicapped the French School. Had Wagner been known in Paris as early as in Brussels or London, our composers, who were imitating him with the best intentions in the world while awaiting his appearance, would have sought another path twenty years sooner.

What, in fact, do we observe towards 1890? At that time our lyric stage was affected by various tendencies. The "grand opera" according to Scribe still formed the foundation of the repertory; beside this, an eclectic school (Gounod, Bizet, who was accused of Wagnerism) follows very nearly the same esthetic lines, with the difference that the libretto of Scribe was succeeded by that of Barbier and Carré. These two inseparable librettists drew less upon history and passing events than their illustrious predecessor; they preferred, for the most part, to adapt Goethe or Shakespeare, which exempted them from overtaking their own imagination. Gallet, a less prolific librettist, had a fancy for history and legends. In Blau—the librettist of Lalo's *Roi d'Ys* (which the Opéra would not or could not acquire), of Reyer's *Sigurd*, of Massenet's *Le Cid* and *Le Mage*—we note the search after a different formula; the historical subject loses ground; following Wagner, of whom neither the works nor the theories are unknown, we find attempts to treat legendary subjects in his manner, to substitute our ancient Northern mythology for the antique classic mythology; going back to our ancient legends, our writers seek, like the poet-musician, for the "purely human," detached from the limitations of time and place; the musician, on his part, strives after continuous melody, the combination of leading motives. Thus we get *Gwendoline*, by Chabrier; *La Cloche du Rhin*, by Samuel Rousseau; *La Burgonde*, by Paul Vidal; *l'Étranger*, and later *Fervaal*, by Vincent d'Indy.

"Profitless labor," as Mime sings while trying to weld together the sword of Sigmund. The public prefers the original to the imitation, and from the day that *Siegfried* appears, it no longer cares to hear *Sigurd*.

As an indirect result of Wagnerism, our theatres could successfully return to Mozart and Gluck, to Weber and Beethoven,

who had been almost entirely expunged from the repertory since the disappearance of the Théâtre-Lyrique and the fire in the rue Le Peletier.

A further tendency was realism; however, being more at its ease in the Opéra-Comique, it showed itself for only a brief space at the Opéra, with *Messidor* (by Émile Zola and Alfred Bruneau). Here, too, Zola takes an excursion into the marvellous and legendary in his conception of the lyric drama.

Finally, and closer to our time, another foreign influence which, under certain aspects, is a return to our eighteenth century, brought a new springtide into our conception of the ballet and the "spectacle" in general. The Russian ballets performed for several seasons at the Châtelet, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, even at the Opéra, breathed new life into choreography, and influenced both decorator and costumer. For the oldentime traditional decorations, for the perpetual ocular deceptions, often poverty-stricken and futile, a genial imagination has substituted characteristic tableaux, in pure and striking colors which harmonize with the costumes, which are themselves realizations of new ideas or revivals from our choregraphic past.

Do we owe to the Russian ballet, or to suggestions from the historians of French music, the attempted resuscitation of a score by Rameau? However this may be, after Gailhard's revival of *Armide*, by Gluck, Messrs. Messager and Broussan went back fifty years further and staged *Hippolyte et Aricie*. Moreover, they augmented the repertory with Wagner's Tetralogy and *Parsifal*, Richard Strauss's *Salomé*, and *La Damnation de Faust*, by Berlioz (which last has never had a very suitable stage-setting); and several other interesting scores—*Monna Vanna*, by Maeterlinck and Février; *Le Miracle*, by Gheusi, Mérané and Georges Huë; *La Forêt*, by Laurent Tailhade and Savart; *Scémo*, by Charles Méré and Bachelet; *La Fête chez Thérèse*, by Reynaldo Hahn; etc.

M. Jacques Rouché, who was prematurely called to take charge of the Opéra on Sept. 1, 1914, found his installation adjourned *sine die* by the war. He took the risk of reopening the theatre toward the end of 1915, publishing a program whose originality outdoes those of his predecessors; he undertook nothing less than to pass in review the entire body of French dramatic music—even to go back beyond its inception, and reconstitute the musical *divertissements* of the middle ages¹. Up to the present, circumstances have permitted the realization of only a very small part of this program; in this there have been paraded, in a series

¹See THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1918, p. 150 et seq.

of concerts in the costumes of the period, enlivened by some scenic play, the *virtuosi* of Mazarin, the musicians of Mlle. de Nabtes and the wealthy Mæcenæ of La Pouplinière, and the contemporaries of Cherubini, these phantoms of the past representing various episodes in our musical history from Louis XIV down to Louis-Philippe. Fragments of numerous French works, ancient and modern, which the finances of the theatre did not permit of producing in their entirety, likewise appeared during this first season. The revival of Rameau's *Castor et Pollux* (March 21, 1919) is more than an assurance for the future. Beside Rameau, thus resuscitated in its two hundred and fiftieth year of existence, the Académie nationale de musique et de danse has placarded only two foreign names, Rossini and Verdi, with *Guillaume Tell*, *Aida*, and *Rigoletto*.

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"The Comédie-Française (thus wrote Émile Augier in the *Paris-Guide*, 1867) has the honor of being, after the Académie française, the sole institution of the ancien régime which deserved to survive it; looking back on two centuries of life, a longevity of growing rarity with us, it is not simply a national monument, but an historical monument, intimately associated with the history of our literature."

Mutatis mutandis, these lines may be literally applied to our Académie nationale de musique, whose longevity, almost equal to that of the Théâtre français, seems to be unknown to the author of "Un jeune homme pauvre." An institution of the ancien régime, having survived all the overturns in the political and artistic worlds, the theatre of Lully is, like that of Molière, a national, an historic monument; consequently, its activities surpass in importance those of the majority of the great European stages, of more recent origin. Down to the close of the reign of Louis XV, the Opéra was national quite as much as royal; only French, or reputedly French, composers appeared on its stage. The incursion of the Italian *bouffons*, while having certain influences on the composers and the singers, left no trace on the repertory. But, like all the privileged institutions of that period, the Académie royale de musique bore in its very constitution incurable infirmities. Relying too exclusively on the potency of its monopoly, this very arm was turned against itself. It finds rivals and competitors, formerly scorned, in these barnstormers, these Italians who have gathered strength and found protectors,

despite continual harassments, and who will soon lay down the law for it. Indeed, one may well ask what would have become of the Opéra without the advent of Gluck, by command of Marie Antoinette, in 1774.

Together with the Revolution and the modern epoch, Italianism, cosmopolitanism, corresponding to the mentality of a new society and corrupting French taste, take their revenge on the classicism of Gluck and his following, to the vast detriment of French composers. These latter, excepting Auber, Halévy, and later Gounod, could not make head against the Italo-Teutonic invasion. Hence they had no other refuge than the Opéra-Comique and, nearer to our time, the Théâtre-Lyrique and the grand symphonic concerts.

The present epoch marks a new critical date in the history of our Opéra. Rightly or wrongly, the general public—if not the composers, for whom happily there are no frontiers—would fain turn a deaf ear to contemporary Austro-Germanic music; but, wishing not to go on any longer depriving themselves “of a music which cannot be replaced by that of the Allies,” as Josephin Péladan sadly remarked in 1915, the dilettanti will gladly grant admission—from Gluck to Wagner, inclusive—to composers belonging to the public domain.

Our great lyric stage ought, therefore, to shake off the inertia in which it has indulged itself for over a century, since it has merely promoted the sanctioning and signalizing of recognized talents on other French and foreign stages.

Talent is not lacking; but it takes the general public a long time to recognize it, for there is a national tradition to be rewelded, to be recreated, a nation to be re-educated. Between the Wagnerian epopee and veristic vulgarity our School has its mission to fulfill, and it ought not merely, as of old, to be swayed by outside influences, to content itself with an insipid eclecticism, with a conciliatory golden mean conformable to our geographical position; it owes it to itself to take the lead of the universal movement in the lyric theatre, as it has done in symphonic music.

By generously welcoming the young musicians of our time, the Académie nationale de musique et de danse would simply be reverting to the traditions on which, during the first century of its long career, were reared its greatness and its worldwide fame.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

HANDEL'S CLOCK MUSIC ✓

By WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE

EARLY in the reign of George I a clockmaker named Charles Clay, who came from Stockton, in Yorkshire, petitioned Parliament for a patent in respect of a musical and repeating watch or clock. A similar watch was produced about the same time by Daniel Quare, who was supported by the Company of Clock-makers and opposed Clay's application. The matter was fought out in prolonged litigation which lasted from February 1716 until the latter part of 1717, ending in a refusal of Clay's petition for a patent. For some years after this nothing is heard of Clay, who seems to have settled in London, living in the Strand. But in the *Weekly Advertiser* for 8 May, 1736, there appeared the following paragraph:

On Monday Mr. Clay, the inventor of the machine watches in the Strand, had the honour of exhibiting to Her Majesty at Kensington his surprising musical clock, which gave uncommon satisfaction to all the Royal Family present, at which time Her Majesty, to encourage so great an Artist, was pleased to order fifty guineas to be expended for numbers in the intended raffle, by which we hear Mr. Clay intends to dispose of this said beautiful and most complete piece of Machinery.

Who won the clock at the raffle and what became of it for the next hundred and odd years are unknown, but the late Mr. F. J. Britten, in his "Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers" (3rd edition, 1911, p. 359) gives a full description of it, accompanied by an illustration. According to this, it had been for many years in a manor-house in Suffolk. It stood 8 feet 6 inches high, the case being in two parts, the upper of Amboyna wood with brass mounts and the pedestal (of Spanish Mahogany and Amboyna wood) containing Clay's chiming apparatus. Mr. Britten states that the chiming machine had 21 bells, driven by a weight "though the barrel is fully 12 inches in diameter." Dampers prevented the vibration of the bells one with another and the music started directly the clock had finished striking. In the arch of the dial were shown the age of the moon, the day of the month and a list of the tunes played by the clock, viz.: "Mr. Arcangelo Corelli's Twelfth Concerto, 1st, Adagio; 2nd, Allegro; 3rd, Saraband; 4th, Jigg. The Fugue in the overture of Ariadne." Mr. Britten does not say where the clock was when he wrote, nor

who was its owner, but he was largely assisted in his work by Mr. Percy Webster, whose knowledge of old English clocks is very extensive, and that gentleman, in reply to my enquiries, kindly informs me that, to the best of his recollection, the clock was owned by the late Mr. F. A. English, of Addington Park, Surrey. Mr. Webster's description differs considerably from that given in Mr. Britten's book. He says that:

There was no listed tunes, but the musical part in the base of the clock was very elaborate, with a large pricked barrel, and (from memory) quite three octaves, with extra bells for half-notes. . . and originally a system of dampers. Another machine was contained in the upper part, playing on organ pipes: this fell into dilapidation and was removed.

The differences between Mr. Britten's and Mr. Webster's descriptions make it very desirable that the clock should be examined again. Unfortunately, Mr. English is dead, and so far I have been unable to trace the whereabouts of Clay's "surprising musical clock." That the machine created considerable interest in London at the time of its exhibition is proved by the fact that no less a person than Handel wrote and arranged at least one set of tunes for it. This fact is not mentioned in Chrysander's life of the composer, nor are the tunes to be found in the incomplete edition of his works issued by the Händel-Gesellschaft. Their existence only came to light on the disposal, in the spring of last year, of Lord Aylesford's collection of musical manuscripts. This collection was bequeathed to an ancestor of the present Earl's by Handel's friend Jennens. It consisted (*inter alia*) of a very large number of copies of Handel's music, mostly in the writing of John Christopher Smith. The copies seem to have been made in the most indiscriminate fashion and Smith filled his volumes with the first thing that came to hand, with the result that their contents are often very confusing and difficult to identify. At the sale the larger part of the collection passed into the hands of dealers, but I was fortunate enough to secure a number of miscellaneous volumes containing a quantity of unpublished compositions which seem never to have been seen by Chrysander. In two of these volumes there are two sets of tunes for a musical clock. The first set is entitled "Ten [there are really eleven] Tunes for Clay's Musical Clock." The second set begins with a "Sonata for a Musical Clock"—followed by five other pieces evidently also written for the same purpose. No. 2 of the first Set also occurs as No. 3 of the Second Set, where it has the curious title "A Voluntary on A Flight of Angels," which clearly connects the two sets with Clay's

clock. Whether they were ever actually used by Clay it is impossible to say. So far the only musical clock by him which is known is that described by Mr. Britten, and this apparently only played a selection from a Concerto by Corelli and an excerpt from the overture to Handel's "Ariadne." But the existence of these Handelian tunes shows that Handel must have seen and been interested in Clay's invention, and it is characteristic of his untiring energy that he should have taken the trouble to arrange these tunes for a mechanical clock, carefully altering the opera airs so as to avoid the inevitable *Da Capo's* of the originals. The question as to the compass of the tunes is rather difficult to decide without knowing for certain how many notes were played by Clay's machine. Mr. Britten says that the clock contained only 21 bells; Mr. Webster that the compass was three octaves. If the former is correct, the tunes in Set I could not have been played as they are written. But it is probable (as shown by comparing the two versions of the "Voluntary or Flight of Angels") that the lower part in Set I was written on the bass stave only for convenience and that it would be played in the clock an octave higher, which would bring it within the compass described by Mr. Britten. The two sets are here printed. Musically they are not of much value, but they are interesting as showing that, like Mozart in later days, mechanical reproduction of music was not beneath Handel's notice. One cannot but wonder what Handel and Mozart would have written for the Pianola!

Handel's Clock Music

Set I

No. 1.



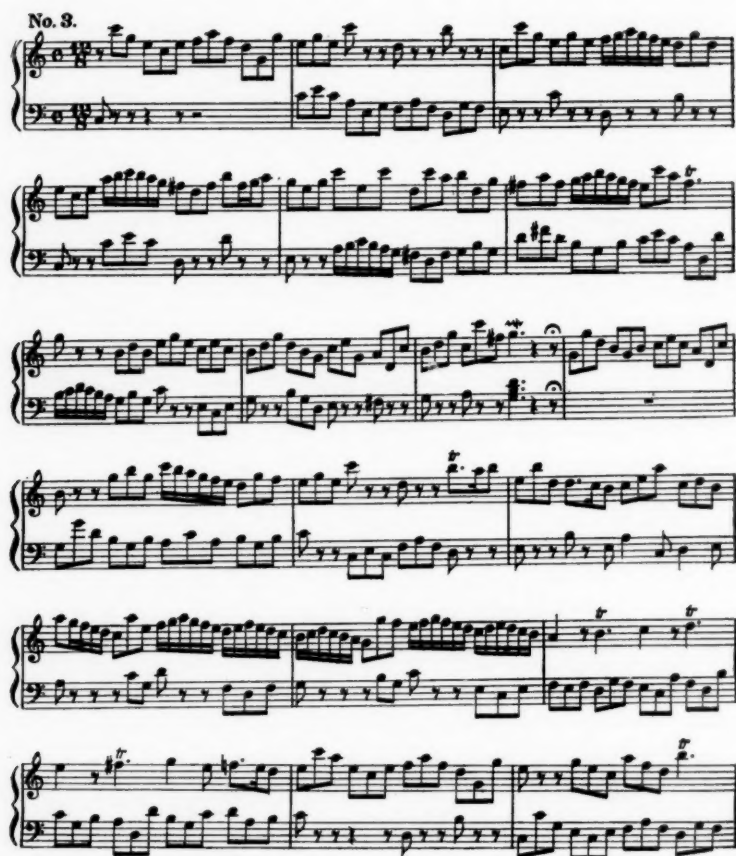


No. 2.





No. 3.





"Voia l'augello" (Sosarme)

No. 4.

A multi-system musical score for a piece titled "Voia l'augello" (Sosarme), No. 4. It consists of seven systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The music is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody in the treble staff is highly ornate, featuring frequent sixteenth and thirty-second notes, often with grace notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and quarter notes, sometimes including fingerings (e.g., 7, 7, 7, 7) and slurs. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

No. 5.

Allegro



"Alla fama dimmi il vero" (Ottone)

No. 6.



A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Handel's Clock Music". The score is written on five systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in 3/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation is clear and legible, with some decorative flourishes in the bass line.

Deh lascia un bel desio (Arianna)

No. 7.

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Deh lascia un bel desio (Arianna)". The score is written on four systems of grand staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in 3/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation is clear and legible, with some decorative flourishes in the bass line.



No. 8.





"Dell' onda ai fieri moti" (Ottone)

No. 9.

"In mille dolci modi" (Sosarme)

No. 10.



No. 11.



Handel's Clock Music
Set II
Sonata
No. 1.

No. 1.

Handel's Clock Music
Set II
Sonata
No. 1.

No. 2.



A Voluntary on a Flight of Angels

No. 3.





No. 4.



No. 5.





Menuet

No. 6.



Air

No. 7.



ON THE RELATIVE DIFFICULTIES OF DEPICTING HEAVEN AND HELL IN MUSIC

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

BEGINNING with the eighteenth century and extending down through our own time heaven and hell have exerted a powerful sway over the imagination of the musician. It would seem, indeed, that the most abstract of the arts could express to us more satisfactorily than poetry, painting, or sculpture the symbolism inherent in the names of these post-death kingdoms. Heaven suggests goodness, nobility, sublimity, glory, simple faith, aspiration, charity, brotherly love, and, in the minds of composers, perhaps because of the mistranslation of the names of obscure Hebrew instruments of which we have no pictorial conception, these qualities are best expressed concretely by means of harps and trumpets. Hell, on the other hand, which suggests vice, ugliness, deceit, and defeat, is generally associated with snarling bassoons and rattling drums. Curiously enough, although there can be nothing inherently wicked about music, it is often with hell rather than heaven that composers have achieved their best effects, and the noblest music is not specifically concerned with paradise. The symphony in C minor, of which it is unnecessary to name the composer, Schubert's symphony in C major, which has only been associated with heaven through Schumann's adjectival comment, *Or sai chi l'onore*, and the final scene of *Die Walküre*, were all no doubt inspired by God in the truest religious sense, but the composers were making no attempt to picture to us the streets of pearl, the mighty chryselephantine throne, or the winged supernaturals who are said to play harps in the air.

A real heaven in opera or tone-poem is quite likely to remind a musician of the key of C major, the tonic and the dominant, and the diatonic scale, whereas hell and the devil seem to insist on five or six sharps or flats, esoteric scales, and a dædal disregard for exoteric rhythms. The conclusion of the second act of *Hänsel und Gretel* furnishes us with an excellent typical example of what usually happens in music when a real heaven is turned on. Humperdinck here is satisfied, with the aid of transparencies, colored

lights, and stately-tripping angels bearing gilded palm leaves, to transfigure and glorify a tune which suggests a Protestant Sunday School and which dramatically is probably quite in keeping with the Protestant Sunday School ideas of the two babes in the forest. However, it may be said, with its unimaginative succession of tonic and dominant chords and plentiful arpeggios, to represent one of the weakest moments in the score. Arpeggios, by the way, are seemingly an essential accompaniment to anything heavenly. It is not alone Little Eva who expires to them; even Richard Strauss reverted to them for his balefully banal heaven music in his tone-poem, *Death and Transfiguration*, an episode which sends some of us away from the concert-hall fully determined never to do good in this world for fear we may be consigned to listen to such vapid music all our immortal lives.

Heaven indeed must be a very dull place to inspire such saccharine chords from the composer of the acescent and biting *Elektra*. Again in *The Legend of Joseph* an angel steps our way to a tune which suggests that Strauss is not at his best when thinking of heaven. Nor is Mascagni, who in *Iris* introduces us to a Japanese paradise, via a lotus-flower route, much more successful. For the naïve simplicities of *The Creation* and for the thundering God-fearing music of *The Messiah* I have more sympathy, and of all heavenly music I do not think better exists than the *Dance of the Angels* in Wolf-Ferrari's *Vita Nuova*. There is a test for great art, and you may apply this test equally to Paul Verlaine or Shakespeare, in that it treats of the sublime with simplicity and the simple with sublimity. This minuet, scored for harps, piano, and kettledrums, bringing up to mind a divine fresco of pre-Raphælite angels, of daisy besprinkled green fields, of deep blue skies, of lakes of still deeper blue, circled by ilexes and cypresses, is indeed celestial in its simplicity, as poignant a simplicity as that of one of the poems of "Sagesse." It reflects the simple faith of its composer and it begets faith in its listeners. Gluck, too, knew the secret; Gluck, above all others, knew the secret, but Gluck was inspired by the pagan heaven of the Greeks, a more beautiful ideal than the heaven of the Christians. In all opera I cannot recall a more simple, a more touchingly serene page than the music of the scene of the Elysian Fields in *Orfeo*. The first and unbelievably lovely dance of the happy spirits in F major, "which," Vernon Lee assures us in "Orpheus in Rome," one of the most mood-compelling of her essays, "seems, in its even flow, to carry the soul, upon some reedy, willowy stream, into the heart of the land of the happy dead," is immediately followed

by an exquisite flute melody, to which, if we are not disturbed by the action on the stage (and it is often well to cover one's eyes), we may imagine the filmiest of sylphs floating lazily through the ether. The song of the Happy Shade enhances the mood and even the entrance of Orpheus does not break the spell which continues to hold us in its power until the descending curtain shuts from our ears the divine chorus which ends the scene. The singing of no Christian angels can ever compensate for this lovely pagan choir. The scene of the furies exhibits Gluck's talent in demoniacism. How persistently they scamper and riot! How tremendous is their marmorean and terrible No! This naïve but substantial canvas suggests Orcagna's fresco, *The Triumph of Death*, in the Campo Santo at Pisa much more definitely than Liszt's *Todtentanz*, which is intended as a musical transmutation of the picture.

In the music of Gluck we are assuredly near the heart of true beauty, which, after all, may be the real God, the real heavenly kingdom. Ideas differ, however. In 1665 Fr. Arnoulx, canon of the cathedral of Riez in Provence, published at Rouen a book, now very rare, entitled, "Du Paradis et de ses merveilles, où est amplement traicté de la félicité éternelle et de ses joyes." After describing what can be seen in heaven he turns to the pleasures of the ear:

If the glory of the picture is all that one can desire, also the ear is charmed by melodious music, pleasant harmony, gentle murmurings, soft and beautiful voices. There is a director; there are singers and musicians in abundance; there are thousands of millions of beautiful voices which sing in harmony, observing very perfectly all the rules of music. The director is Jesus Christ; the singers are the angels, the blessed, happy angels. There are three bands of angels and each of them is divided into three choirs: the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and the Thrones sing soprano; the Dominations and the Principalities sing alto; the Powers and the Virtues sing tenor; the archangels and the angels in the lowest choirs sing bass; even the saints come to sing with these. Jesus Christ gives the key to all and intones the motet, which is new. With this celestial music and so many melodious voices of different kinds there is yet, for the entire perfection of the scale, the sound of the harp, of the flute, of viols, of the spinet, of the lute, and all other kinds of instruments which marvelously tickle the delicacy of our ears.

Music of hell is usually associated with the devil. Once even, it is related, on the authority of a composer, the devil himself wrote a tune; this is Tartini's *Devil's Trill Sonata*, which violinists often play to this day. M. Lalande, in his "Voyage d'un François en Italie," tells the story, which he says he had

directly from Tartini, and Dr. Burney repeats it. Michael Kelly informs us, in memoirs which are not entirely to be relied on in other respects, that Nardini, a pupil of Tartini, assured him that the story was correct in every detail. One night in the year 1713, it seems, Tartini dreamed that he had made a contract with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; indeed, in the dream the musician's new servant anticipated all his wishes and fully satisfied his desires. Ultimately the two became so familiar that Tartini presented the fiend with his violin in order to ascertain what kind of musician he was; when, to Tartini's astonishment, he heard him play an air, so beautiful in itself and performed with such taste and skill that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard in his life. Tartini awoke in a state of feverish excitement and delight, and seized his fiddle in the hope of repeating the music he had just heard, but the archenemy had gone and his music with him! Nevertheless Tartini took pen and music-paper and immediately composed the sonata which bears the devil's name. It is the best of Tartini's works, but so far inferior has its composer declared it to be to the music which he heard in his dream, that he said he would have smashed his instrument and abandoned music for the rest of his life could he have subsisted by any other means.

It was thoughtful of the devil to write this sonata in the style of the eighteenth century. What if it had occurred to him to dash off Leo Ornstein's sonata, opus 31? Could Tartini have remembered the notes and put them down? I doubt it. As it is, we have Tartini's word for the fact that the music as performed was infinitely more extraordinary than his transcription of it. Memory is treacherous at best and to remember a whole sonata, taking in at the same time the virtuosity of the devil and the glamor of his presence, which must have shared interest with his playing, must be adjudged a remarkable feat. Broad, sweeping, sensuous melodies and rapid, dashing cascades of notes, to be played with devilish abandon, alternate in this music. If Tolstoy had been more familiar with musical literature he would have found this composition more to his purpose than the harmless *Kreutzer Sonata*. In one section the leading notes are trilled; hence probably the title. Also the violinist is given an opportunity in the cadenza to trill to his bow's content. The work is difficult and we are forced to the conclusion that the devil must have been an exceptionally fine fiddler.

In 1858-9 Liszt composed two orchestral paraphrases of episodes from the "Faust" of Nicolaus Lenau and in the second

of these, *The Dance in the Village Tavern*, more commonly known as the *Mephisto Waltz*, the devil plays the violin, while Faust, in sensuous excitement, waltzes away with a black-eyed peasant girl. John Sullivan Dwight, once a prominent Boston critic, held that this music was "positively devilish, simply diabolical. . . it shuts out every ray of light and heaven, from whence music sprang." Perhaps the spirit of ataraxy is in the air; at any rate to-day we can listen to this piece without trembling. When the devil played the fiddle, Philip Hale assures us, his bowing was so vigorous that the dancers kept on dancing until they died. Miss Jeannette d'Abadie saw Mrs. Martibalsarena dance with four frogs at the same time at a Sabbath personally conducted by Satan, who played in an extraordinarily wild fashion. His favorite instrument was the fiddle, but he occasionally performed on the bagpipe. The good monk Abraham à Sancta-Clara, according to Mr. Hale, once meditated on the devil's taste in musical instruments:

Does he prefer the harp? Surely not, for it was by the harp that he was driven from the body of Saul. A trumpet? No, for the brilliant tones of the trumpet have many times dispersed the enemies of the Lord. A tambourine? Ah no, for Miriam the sister of Aaron, after Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the Red Sea, took a tambourine in her hand and with all the women about her praised and thanked God. A fiddle? No, indeed, for with a fiddle an angel rejoiced the heart of St. Francis. I do not wish to abuse the patience of the reader, and so I say nothing is more agreeable to Satan for accompaniment to the dance than the ancient pagan lyre.

Rubinstein's orchestral poem *Faust* seems to lack reference to the devil, but in his opera, *The Demon*, which until recently, at least, has remained popular in Russia, he drew a full length portrait of the tempter. There are minor glimpses of hell in *Der Freischütz* and *Robert le Diable*; Massenet in *Grisélide* turned his attention to a bourgeois, boisterous, gothic gargoyle kind of devil, a devil with a wife, which he limned with no little humor. The most important air of this amusing apparition is called, *Loin de sa femme!* It is principally, however, with the *Faust* legend, which has intrigued composers for considerably over a century, that musicians have gone to hell. Many of these operas, symphonies and overtures have disappeared and only musical dictionaries and white-haired gatherers of statistics remind us that they once existed. Even much of the incidental music composed to be performed with Goethe's tragedy has fallen into oblivion. The very names of Radziwill, Lindpaintner, Béaucourt, de

Peelaert, Porphire-Désiré Hennebert, F. de Roda, Rietz, Henry Rowley Bishop, Louise Angélique Bertin, Heinrich Zöllner, Lickl, Karl Eberwein, Louis Schlösser, Eduard Lassen, and L. Gordigiani have faded away. We do remember Schumann, but who knows his *Faust* music maugre Mr. Newman's earnest praise. Spohr's *Faust*, too, is forgotten, Spohr of whom W. H. Hadow has said, "His whole conception of the art is soft and voluptuous, his Heaven is a Garden of Atlantis, and even his Judgement-day is iridescent." Weber might have written a *Faust*. When he was engaged to write an opera for London he was given a choice of that subject or *Oberon*. He chose the latter. Wagner's *Eine Faust-Ouverture* is not played as frequently as the prelude to *Die Meistersinger*, but there are probably few concert-goers who have not heard it. Felix Weingartner's incidental music for Goethe's play was performed at Weimar in 1908. More recently a young Frenchwoman, Lili Boulanger, who died before she achieved a style, set a scene from the second part of Goethe's "Faust" to music and called the result a cantata, but her devil is bedecked with Wagnerian harmonies and melodies. Liszt's *Faust Symphony* is certainly with us both in spirit and flesh. The third movement is devoted to Mephistopheles. Ernest Newman says that this

section is particularly ingenious. It consists, for the most part, of a kind of burlesque upon the subjects of the *Faust*, which are here passed, as it were, through a continuous fire of irony and ridicule. This is a far more effective way of depicting 'the spirit of denial' than making him mouth a farrago of pantomime bombast, in the manner of Boito. The being who exists, for the purposes of the drama, only in antagonism to Faust, whose main activity consists only in endeavouring to frustrate every good impulse of Faust's soul, is really best dealt with, in music, not as a positive individuality, but as the embodiment of negation—a malicious, saturnine parody of all the good that has gone to the making of Faust. The *Mephistopheles* is not only a piece of diabolically clever music, but the best picture we have of a character that in the hands of the average musician becomes either stupid, or vulgar, or both. As we listen to Liszt's music, we feel that we really have the Mephistopheles of Goethe's drama.

Mr. Aphthorp says:

One may suspect the composer of taking Mephisto's 'Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint' for the motto of this movement;

and James Huneker tells us that

in the Mephistopheles Liszt appears in his most characteristic pose—Abbé's robe tucked up, Pan's hoofs showing, and the air charged with cynical

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mockeries and travesties of sacred love and ideals (themes are topsy-turried à la Berlioz).

At the present day we occasionally hear three *Faust* operas and often two. Boito, after his prologue in which Mefistofele challenges the heavenly hosts, ventures no nearer heaven than the classical Sabbath scene in which Faust meets Helena in a sort of Italianate duet. To me this is the unbearable episode of this lyric drama. The scene in which Mefistofele twirls the globe in his palm while his brazen and craven cohorts circle and chortle around him is very effective, but when Chaliapine appears as the spirit which denies it is a matter for doubt whether it is the Russian bass or Boito who makes the effect. And certainly Margherita's death in prison remains the best scene in the opera. Berlioz in his "dramatic legend" is nearest hell in the *Song of the Flea*, an excellent piece of sardonic ribaldry, although the ride with its ghastly accentuated horse-hoofs beating up from the orchestra is very wonderful. But Ernest Newman thinks that Berlioz's devil is the only operatic Mephistopheles that carries conviction:

He never, even for a moment, suggests the inanely grotesque figure of the pantomime. Of malicious, saturnine devilry there is plenty in him; no one, except Liszt, could compete with Berlioz on this ground. But there is more than this in the character. In such scenes as that on the banks of the Elbe, where he lulls Faust to sleep, there is a real suggestion of power, of dominion over ordinary things, that takes Mephistopheles out of the category of the merely theatrical and puts him in that of the philosophical.

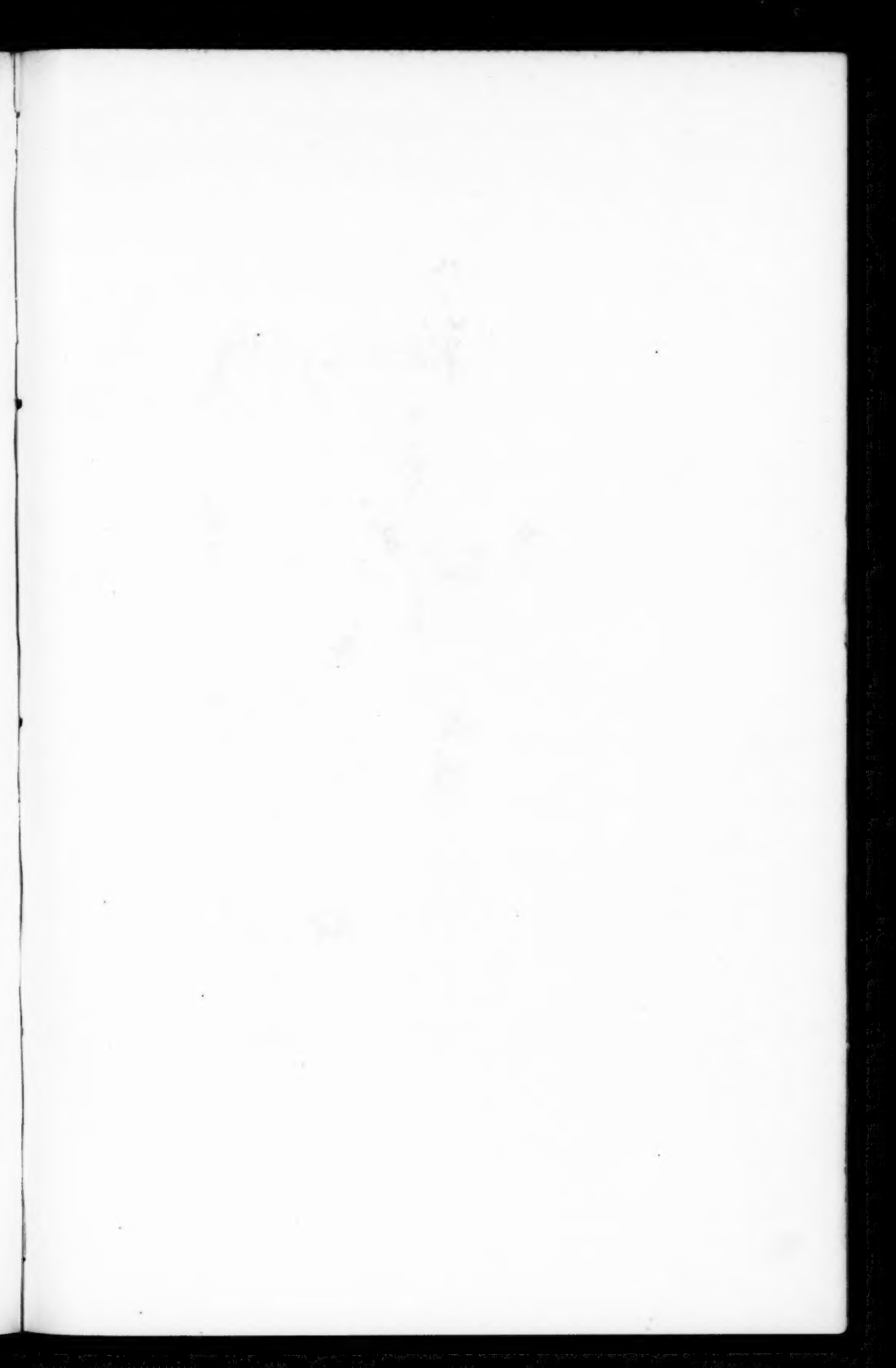
Marguerite's glorification is a forgettable passage just as Gounod's attempt at the translation of Marguerite is the weakest point in his score, but as no one nowadays ever ventures to sit an opera through, it was perhaps clever of Gounod to put his heaven scene last, so that only the ushers and stage-hands might hear it before they extinguish the lights in the theatre. Nevertheless, you will probably remember the episode with its white-winged supernumeraries rising above the housetops to arpeggio chords and a silly chant;—not even the perfumed sanctity we have the right to expect of a modern French composer.

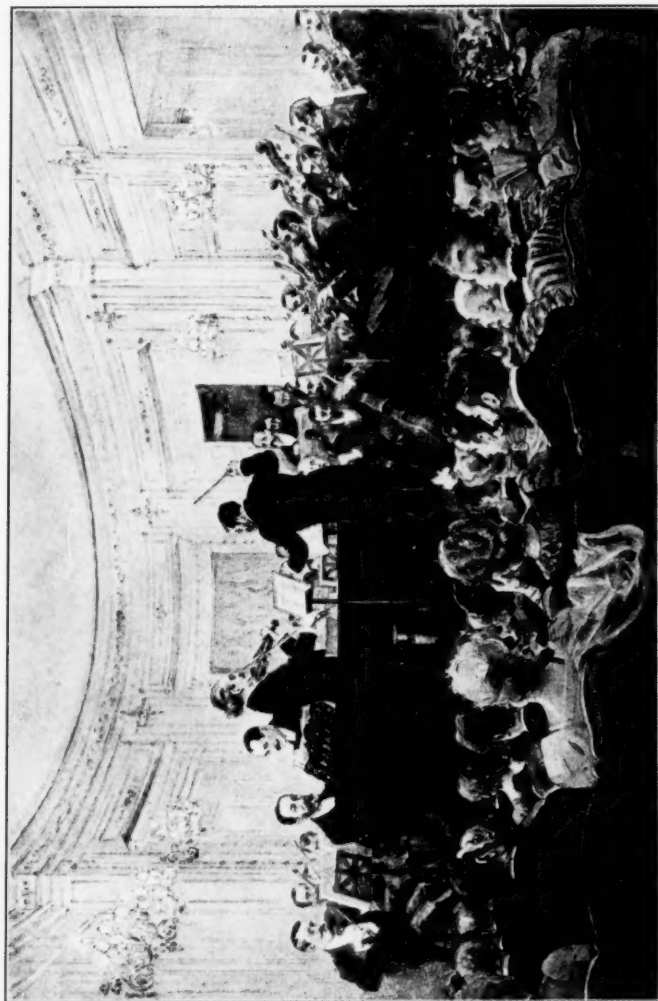
Faust, it seems to me, of all conceivable operatic subjects, cries out for collaborators. It is unfortunate that César Franck is dead, because I think that the Belgian composer and Igor Stravinsky together might have evolved something extraordinary. For César Franck came nearer to expressing aspiration and vague longing in his mystic music than perhaps any other composer. It is not alone the *Rédemption* and the *Béatitudes* that shine in

blessed light. The D minor symphony is to me the finest expression of simple sublimity to be found in all music. This haunting reticulation of tones aspires and even reaches beyond aspiration. The terrible first movement warns us of the Judgement Day and then in melting human tones forgives us our sins. The allegretto is like a graceful dance of angels, the angels of Benozzo Gozzoli, clad in robes of mulberry and lilac sewn with threads of gold and silver, their halos glistening in a blue light, itself impregnated with golden dust, while the hautboys and harps ravish our ears and the soaring violins give ample promise of the glory of the heavenly choirs. Santa Teresa would have loved this music, music mystic and beneficent at the same time, not the mysticism tinged with chypre and verveine and essence of bergamot which makes Debussy's music a powerful stimulant to jaded nerves. César Franck could have realized the simple purity of Marguerite and he would have carried her triumphantly, gloriously, magnificently through vague Gothic arches of tone which would have burst the boundaries of any singing theatre and transported us perforce to Amiens or Chartres.

But Papa Franck could never have managed the hell scenes of *Faust*. He would have made of Abaddon a truly epicene kingdom, frequented by bardashes and catamites. No, for hell we should turn to Stravinsky—and what a dashing, erratic, spontaneous, discordant devil we might expect from him! A devil in quintuple and sextuple rhythms, a devil cap-a-pie with triplets in sixteenths, and figurations after the worst manner of sheol, a delightful, insinuating, firefly, nervous marvelous fellow of a fiend with piccolos, flutes, clarinets, hautboys, bassoons, French horns, and celestas at his beck and call, a Zaniel with nerve-wracking glissandos on the violins and deep passionate long-bowed mocking viola notes at his command, Beelzebub with a shower of shuddering octaves and a flood of discordant tenths, an Apollyon who could sing bass and tenor and a little falsetto, in fact a regular bing-bang-boom hell of a devil in the best Russian Ballet manner!

Now a Stravinsky devil played against a César Franck heaven would make a *Faust* that would keep the oldest subscriber to the Opera awake, and would effectually destroy all hope for the future of Hun music even in Germany. Even old Nietzsche, could he hear it, would be delighted with this nexus of mysticism and nervous energy, this combat of the life-force with the spirit of God!





Festival. Concert donné à la Salle Pleyel le 2 Juin 1896 par C. Saint-Saëns avec le concours de M. G. Barade et E. Giffard à l'occasion du Cinquantenaire de son Grand Concert Salle Pleyel en 1846

Chrysomelidae

La Grande Mère

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE

By D. C. PARKER

HOW is one to do justice to Saint-Saëns? He has accomplished so much in every sphere of musical activity that the reviewer who would weigh and analyse all his works must share something of the astounding versatility of his subject. Born in 1835, when men were still discussing the death of La Fayette, he has been a force in music for over half a century. He is the most important link between the old world of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber and Gounod and the new one of the present decade. At the time of his birth the first productions of "Masaniello," "William Tell" and "Robert le Diable" were matters of recent history; and Saint-Saëns had proved himself a man of no small attainments when Gounod's "Faust" caused a stir in operatic circles. Over eighty years old—or should one not rather say young?—he has witnessed the rise and fall of many artistic *régimes*, and well within the span of his creative period innumerable events of importance to French dramatic music have taken place. "Mignon" appeared in 1866, "Djamileh," the beauty of which inspired him to a sonnet, in 1872, Massenet's charming "Manon" in 1884, "Louise" in 1900. The man who talked with Rossini and knew Berlioz still holds an honoured position in these days when Debussy, Erik Satie and Ravel are famous names. Doubtless he thinks with infinite zest of the fact that he was a prodigy who played the devil with the romantic idea. Doubtless he has learnt much as a close spectator of the pageant. He knows that every year students emerge from the Conservatoire full of a reforming zeal which is to set aright the musical universe. He knows equally well that men have a strange way of repeating their errors and that passing vogues die quickly. But it is not only as a link or an onlooker that he interests us. There is that in him which acts as a magnet and sends us to his works.

HIS PLACE.

How are we to place this strange apparition in French music? With him the valuation which is arrived at by analogy almost

breaks down. Comparisons avail little. He has no real analogue. There is a kind of affinity with Liszt on which I shall enlarge later, but survey the names of his contemporaries and you will not discover one with whom, save at a few points, you can profitably compare him. Of his merits much has been said in high quarters. Berlioz, writing to H. Ferrand in January 1866, refers to him as "a great pianist, a great musician who knows his Gluck as well as I do." In another letter to the same, dated 11th June, 1867, he talks of "my young friend, Camille Saint-Saëns, one of the greatest musicians of our time." Auber, speaking of "*Les Noces de Prométhée*," which won a prize in 1867, declared that he was "a symphonist so sure of his method, so far removed from drudgery, of such an attractive manner, that I cannot name his equal amongst us." Gounod sang his praises again and again. "He is a man of weight," he stated, "he draws and paints his tone-pictures with the hand of a master." Von Bülow was impressed by the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. Bizet envied his adaptability. To Liszt's encouragement the materialisation of "*Samson and Delilah*" was due and to his influence the performance of the work at Weimar in 1877. It is recorded that once, when Liszt was asked to go to Paris, he answered significantly, "You have Saint-Saëns." The sage of the *rue de Vaugirard* did not always see eye to eye with that of the *rue de Longchamps*, but Massenet used Saint-Saëns's music in his composition class at the Conservatoire. So much for the musicians; the critics, however, put the composer under the microscope and attempt to set the scales of justice at the right angle. Romain Rolland refers to the double origin of his music and calls him one who has become "a classic during his life." M. Calvocoressi mentions the fact that his organ playing, while "remarkable for purity, perspicuity and ease," lacked "poetic intensity and fervour," and adds that "it is not only as a pianist that he reveals a certain coldness, an imperturbability greater than one is wont to meet with in musicians." De Solenière contrasts Massenet and Saint-Saëns. "The first," he tells us, "is all intuition and enthusiasm, the second all reason and learning." To him Saint-Saëns is "a scholastic" who represents the French desire to dissipate the legend of national frivolity in music.

It is obviously difficult to estimate accurately the value of a man who has been a classicist, a romanticist, an individualist with a great reverence for the past, a pedagogue of the best type, a partisan of programme music. Scanning his work as a whole we may form some idea of his historical position. To call a certain

kind of composer second rate is to court misconception. The familiar use of the term has debased it, but its legitimate employment does not imply any disparagement. Strictly speaking, to say that a man is a second rate artist is to assign him a very high place. The centuries have yielded but few writers of the first order. To declare, therefore, that Saint-Saëns is a composer belonging to the second category is, I think, to deal with him justly. To claim that he is the equal of Bach or Mozart, Gluck or Beethoven would be to give him a weighty reason for asking to be delivered from his friends. Colloquially he is a master; historically he is not.

THE CHARACTER OF HIS MUSIC.

The base on which his edifice is built is a solid one, and it is a thousand pities that more of our musical scaffolding is not set firmly upon it. Saint-Saëns's right to the title of a great musician is justified by reason of his thorough knowledge of the classics, a knowledge which constantly makes itself felt in his music. In these days, when there is so much irresponsible babbling concerning the heritage of the past, it is comforting to find a man who has often shown a human interest in it. That Saint-Saëns knows Rameau and the clavecinists generally, Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart, must be manifest to all who are familiar with his writings. His love for the classical giants and his sympathy with them form, so to speak, the foundation of his art. In addition, he is economical and has a fine sense of note-values which is almost Mozartian, so that we can rarely say of him, what is true of many others, that, while there are many notes, there is very little music. There is also in his works that which is peculiarly his own. It is difficult to catch, for he is very fond of exoticism, as witness the *Rhapsodie mauresque* of the "Suite Algérienne" with its *tambour basque* and triangle; and it is about this question that differences of opinion most commonly arise. What is it that he gives us which is peculiar to him alone? The question is not easy to answer because, while many of his best pages bear the stamp of his personality, one can guess the derivatives, and also because what he learns becomes a very real part of himself. (Gounod dwelt upon his marvellous talent for assimilation.) You can never say, "That is Saint-Saëns," as you can say, "That is Grieg," or "That is Chopin," and there is with him no pronounced characteristic such as the *mélodie massenetique*. He has not even a "manner" like Puccini, a man whose gift is of a lesser order. We must content ourselves with the remark that the physiognomy of

the composer seems most apparent to us when his music is graceful and touched with a pleasing sentiment, when the melody draws its sinuous curve over subtle harmonies, when you get the impression that he could have said the thing far more elaborately had it not been for the restraint which is native to him. A good example of this is to be found in the second subject of the first movement of the B minor Violin Concerto. Broadly speaking, he is epigrammatic. He illuminates by a flash. The *esprit gaulois* is not wanting. His method is that of Anatole France, not that of Zola or Mommsen. If you try to get at the kernel of the matter you will find that, like his own Omphale, he subdues by sweetness rather than by the strength of Hercules, though it is not untrue to say that the charm goes hand in hand with pronounced intellectual qualities.

It is a commonplace of criticism that extensiveness is purchased at the expense of intensiveness, and many who are temperamentally unsympathetic to Saint-Saëns would doubtless tell us that he employs his skill on things which are unworthy of it, that his legerdemain is squandered on poor tricks. There is a grain of truth in this contention, for the intrinsic value of his idea as an idea is not always so arresting as his treatment of it. But it would be unwise to declare that he has nothing to say. Certainly "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" contains a good deal of "made" music, but this still seems so if it be judged by the standard of his other symphonic poems, and I think that too much has been made of his facility and too little of the melodic value of his music; for, after all, a good number of themes of undoubted lyrical beauty can be found in his compositions, and this quite apart from their "workable" qualities. The view that his real contribution to his art is small is, however, tenaciously held in some quarters, and it appears far truer than it is because he has sedulously avoided joining his music to such things as freemasonry, theosophy and philosophy. A programme music writer he undoubtedly is, but he has no "message." There is no doctrine of redemption in his stage works, no hidden meaning in his orchestral ones, no interpretation of the universe in any page. All of which may conceivably put him out of court with those who look for Schopenhauer in arpeggios and grave warnings to mankind in the most innocent of motifs.

It is also urged that he is superficial, that profundity is unknown to him. It is true that you seldom feel that he has got down to the bedrock of things. We cannot apply to him the remark which Andrew Lang applied to Montaigne—"he is a

tired man's, not a fresh man's" author. We would not go to him in moments of spiritual crisis. The musical equivalent of Shakespeare's clowns is not to be found here. He is perhaps too anxious to be polite. In what he has penned the disorder fashioned by the world-genius is not to be found. The divine task of creating an imaginary universe out of chaos is reserved for the few. Nothing is more impressive than those pages which attain heights of beauty and passion from a seeming nothingness, than those passages in which a remote rumbling rises like the voices of an Athenian crowd and becomes gradually articulate and eloquent. In this matter, however, we must let him speak for himself. The charge of superficiality has often been levelled at Massenet. Saint-Saëns referred to this in an article. "Massenet," he wrote, "is not profound, and that has no importance at all Are charms and smiles to be considered useless? Oh, how many people I know who pretend to despise them and who, in their own hearts, regret that they do not possess them!" May we not fittingly apply these words to Saint-Saëns? There is, I think, something to be said for his view. The lesser function should not be entirely disregarded, and if we rule out men who are incapable of saying things of cosmic significance we shall have a very small circle of friends and shall cut ourselves off from much that adds to the richness of life. We know that great things are born with difficulty, that the consummate genius gives us the impression that his work is not only well but easily done. But to state that the natural flow of Saint-Saëns's music is not that of the man who sweats and wrestles with his idea in the direst agony is not to deny that it is extremely pleasing of itself. And few, surely, would go so far as to anathematise such things as the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso," "La Fiancée du Timbalier," the "Suite Algérienne," the Variations for two pianofortes on a Theme of Beethoven (op. 35), and that dream of loveliness, the "Havanaise."

It would be foolish to say that the catholicity of Saint-Saëns and the ease with which he can change his manner do not offer a very dangerous pitfall into which he sometimes stumbles. Nature exacts the last cent for the gifts which she bestows. To the versatile musician the maintenance of a consistency of style is a very great difficulty. We cannot reproach a man for turning to the speech of Bach or Handel and prattling in the rough, human accents of these Titans. Such an exercise is often a joyful task to the creator. But we can reproach him when he goes to this and that period in the same work, when his architecture is, as it were, now Gothic, now Norman. In this matter Saint-Saëns is not

always innocent. There is a strong resemblance between Saint-Saëns the traveller and Saint-Saëns the composer. The former is deservedly famous for his many journeys. He has explored unfrequented places and nursed an affection for the South and the East. Where there is much sunshine and the vegetation is opulent he has often been found. His visits to the Canary Isles, Egypt, Algeria and Brazil are almost historical. But, like a true Frenchman, he always returns to Paris. Documentary evidence of these wanderings is present in his music, yet, on the written page, as in his itineraries, he always returns to Paris. His intellectual restlessness is the counterpart of his physical restlessness, and I think that we may claim that the power which urges him to speak to-day in an archaic manner and to unburden himself to-morrow in the romantic vocabulary is one with that which sends him to the vast emptiness of the desert, to the fragrant gardens of the tropics, for his mental refreshment. I agree with André Messager, who, as a former pupil of the doyen of French composers, knows his works better than most, when he says many things about "Samson and Delilah" which are to the credit of its creator. I agree also that Saint-Saëns is a man of taste. But it needs no special gift of discernment to perceive that the weakness of the work lies in a lack of unanimity of style. This is observable also in the G minor pianoforte concerto, which opens in the manner of Bach, but which soon launches into a more modern idiom. Perhaps the composer derives a certain pleasure from writing now and then in the contrapuntal style in keeping within self-imposed bounds. Perhaps he acts at the dictates of a whimsical caprice when, donning the cowl of the ascetic, he eschews some of the most useful modernisms. Perhaps he loves the best of all the schools so much that he cannot long neglect it and is, consequently, easily attracted by another polarity. Perhaps he has an unusual horror of boring his hearers. Whatever the causes, and those which I have mentioned may all be contributory, there is no doubt that the act of coquetting now with this, now with that manner, produces a cleavage in a work which counts as a mark against it.

The serenity of Saint-Saëns's mind is calculated to mislead the critic. I do not hesitate to say that there are pages in which the limitations imposed by it are all too apparent, for it is of a nature better calculated to assist the philosopher than the musician. Yet Saint-Saëns's fund of common sense has not prevented his indulging in those higher flights of fancy which are permitted to the artist. Indeed, the most charming thing about him is the fact that, while the possessor of a large store of learning such as

often provides ballast which prevents the spontaneous soaring of the spirit, he is invariably its master. The "glorious excess" of Keats is certainly absent—we would that there were something of it—but we cannot say that the pen which wrote Delilah's song of temptation or the climax of "La Cloche" was quite incapable of a real fervour. Again, such little pieces of sentiment as the prelude of "Le Déluge" do not seem startling in the light of modern works, chiefly, I think, because we can so easily trace its composer's footsteps. His scores are lucid and transparent and his methods clearly defined, in contradistinction to those of many of his successors who surround us with a maze of meaningless subtleties and live in a toy-shop furnished with unconventional gew-gaws. Much good music has been written in France in recent years—though this is a verdict which Saint-Saëns himself might not endorse—but I cannot help feeling that, in comparison with some of the moderns, he seems obvious and easy mainly because he is intelligible at all points. And it has still to be proved that intelligibility is a cardinal vice.

That he is a monster paradox is a fact which is impressed upon you when you study his works. Perceiving that he runs now towards Bach, now towards Gounod, now towards Liszt, now towards Franck, you can understand the difficulty which lies in the way of a fair valuation of him. Like a later Gossec, he has given a decided impetus to the production and study of symphonic music in France. And his activity in this direction probably retarded a complete understanding of him in some quarters. The home of the French musician was the theatre. French music was essentially a dramatic music. Is it not the first business of a Frenchman to be French? Thus the complainers. But it is a question if Saint-Saëns has not done his country a greater service by strengthening that in which she was admittedly weak. It is ominous that he did not make his operatic *début*, which was a timorous one, until he was well over thirty—a contrast to the rush of ambitious laureates towards the theatre; and that not a few of the pages in his stage works which have met with appreciation are those in which the instrumental, as distinct from the operatic, writer is prominent. Examples of this may be found in the Dance of the Priestesses and Bacchanal of "Samson and Delilah," the Valse and Pavane of "Etienne Marcel," the ballet airs of "Henry VIII," the triumphal March of "Déjanire," the Bourrée of "Javotte." Tchaikovsky's remark, in a letter of the 24th February, 1883, that he did not think that Saint-Saëns would ever write a great dramatic work, may have been prompted by the feeling that he was really an

orchestral composer most at home in the concert-hall. Certainly the most famous of his operas, such as "Étienne Marcel," "Henry VIII," "Proserpine," "Ascanio," "Déjanire," "Hélène," and "Les Barbares"—"Samson and Delilah" is an exception—have never achieved a complete success in spite of all his talent and resource. This circumstance must, I believe, be attributed to a cause to which I shall refer later. It is enough to say here that, for the public, Saint-Saëns means the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso," popularised by Sarasate; the Variations for two pianofortes on a Theme of Beethoven, which are masterly; the Symphony in C minor, dedicated to the memory of Liszt; the "Marche héroïque"; the Trio in F (op. 18), a work full of interest; the fascinating "Suite Algérienne"; the "Africa" Fantasia; "Le Rouet d'Omphale"; the "Danse Macabre," in which his Lisztian proclivities are given full rein—note the use of the xylophone, the harp and the "tuned" violin; "Phaëton"; "La Fiancée du Timbalier"; the B minor violin Concerto; and the two pianoforte ones in C minor and G minor respectively. This is a good budget, and if we add to it some of his best songs and such things as "Le Cygne" (an extract from a Carnival of Animals which easily bears comparison with Rebikov's amusing "Danse du quadrupède" from "Parmi eux" [op. 35]), and "Une Nuit à Lisbonne," a delightful fragment, it comprises a list to which he may well point with pride.

ARTISTIC CREED.

Much has been written of Saint-Saëns's versatility, of the plasticity of his mind and the eclecticism of his nature. There is, no doubt, some truth in the saying of Gounod that he could write in the style of Rossini, Schumann, Verdi or Wagner at will. The remark hints at a want of conviction, at a lack of artistic conscience. But Saint-Saëns's *credo* is a very definite thing. He has no stomach for schools which bind themselves down to certain laws. In the end it is not a man or a period but art itself to which he gives his homage. He abhors movements which express themselves in "isms." But his love of personal freedom must not be interpreted as a vague excuse for a policy of *laissez faire*. There is, as I have indicated, something elusive about him. He is a will-o'-the-wisp who does the unexpected thing at the unexpected time. You have no sooner convinced yourself that he is French in essence than you encounter passages which are derived from Bach. One page is rich in romantic charm, another full of mediæval austerity. He is like a protean actor who plays all the rôles himself. And

so, while he appears to one a tragedian, to another he seems a child of the comic muse. He is fond of mystifying his hearers and disguising himself in strange costumes. It is this propensity together with his fondness for detachment which have given birth to the belief that Saint-Saëns has no very decided views. The variety of his works is, however, due to the wide range of his vision,¹ and it will be allowed that few men have taken more trouble to define their artistic positions. In this connection two matters deserve attention; they are his attitudes to modernism and to the Wagnerian movement. The length of Saint-Saëns's active musical life and his productiveness during it have been responsible for several whimsical facts. Thus we find that, in his youth, he was dubbed an extremist. In these days he is popularly regarded as being out of sympathy with music *à la mode*. More than once he has found himself in the strange position of being renounced alike by the reactionaries and by the impatient progressivists. We now know well enough that the only extreme thing about him is his moderation. "Avoid all exaggeration," he has written,² and strive to maintain the entirety of intellectual health." And if he does not adopt the latest methods of the younger generation, if he does not throw in his lot with those who have overdone the use of syncopations and who are too much enamoured of the augmented fifth, it is emphatically because he does not want to, not because he could not if he wished. He is not against experimentalism, as those who play his "Carillon" (*quasi campane*, $\frac{7}{4}$ in a bar) and know the first movement of the "Suite Algérienne," "In Sight of Algiers," are aware; and such excerpts as the "Air des Abeilles" ("L'Ancêtre") suggest that it was in his power to write in the style of his successors if he had so willed. The point to observe is that his attitude does not arise from a love of weak-kneed compromises. If he dwell in what now seems the house of conservatism rather than in that of the ultra-modernists it is because his equilibrium cannot be disturbed. Passing fads leave him unmoved. The fevers of the artistic world do not attack him. He is always able to steer his own course. His independence is a very real thing. In the midst of his orthodoxy he often runs wild. The guarded speech which prevails in "The Promised Land" did not prevent his giving a very pictorial rendering of the water rising from the rock at the bidding of Moses. But he keeps before him, as it were, a picture of Athens, and this image teaches him much. He has a conception of beauty

¹With Saint-Saëns one is conscious of the European tradition. By studying his artistic personality we realise the value of the heritage of Latin civilisation.

to which he constantly aspires. No one knows better than he that he might have gained a world-wide notoriety by utilising methods which cause violent fluttering in the dovecots of the musical world. Let us give him credit for his restraint. Excess in art is to him unpardonable. In this he is a Hellene. It has been said that art is exaggeration and, at the first blush, the statement seems irreconcilable with the tenets of those who counsel moderation. But generalities are frequently misleading and we have to use them with discretion. If we apply the saying that art is exaggeration to the romantic and modern writers we find full justification for it; and we may even go so far as to declare that proof of the truth of it is furnished by many composers, commonly called classical, whose music owes its effect to the employment of things which would be quite out of place, if not actually offensive, in the works of lesser musicians. To the genius the unlawful thing is permitted. It is to the splendid prodigality of such men that we are indebted for many of the greatest moments in musical literature. The Gargantuan conceptions of Berlioz, the most notable experiments of Liszt, the emotional climaxes of Wagner and Richard Strauss were possible only to men who allowed themselves the larger liberty and were keenly conscious of their power to reach heights that are commonly held to be out bounds. But truth is a relative thing, and we dare not forget Max Stirner's motto. Without inconsistency the critic may give his benediction to those who hold the two views, because, in the end, the justification of theories about music lies in the practical outcome of them. In any case, you cannot force rules upon a strong creative nature. Some can best express themselves by adhering to the classical idea which urges thrift and makes for simplicity; others by adhering to the modern which countenances an indulgence in extravagance without which their speech would be cramped and artificial. So far from deploring the existence of the two creeds, we should rejoice in them. The only occasion for regret is when we meet with a man who adopts the one and who, we consider, could have best revealed himself by taking a greater latitude. It is fortunate, then, that Saint-Saëns knows that, so far as he is concerned, the maximum effect is not to be obtained by lading out the riches indefinitely as at some Roman orgy, but by withholding them at the proper moment. In such matters he has a sure sense of the right thing. His instinct tells him when to stop. He possesses the valuable gift of being able to arrest the course of his music when it ought to be arrested. He recognises that enough is too much, that art is selection.

The truth is that he stands very much where he stood thirty or forty years ago. While, paradoxically enough, the attraction of others has made itself felt in his work, it can be proved that he has been left untouched by many influences. Precocity often leaves little room for expansion, but history shows many examples of a march from strength to strength which is bewildering. With Saint-Saëns we are not at all conscious of the chain of periods which is so easily distinguished in some cases—the initial period, the transitional period, the periods of personal confidence and complete maturity—and it is impossible to say that at such a work one ended and another began. Of course experience tells and familiarity with his tools helps the craftsman. But the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" (op. 28) was written in 1863, "Le Rouet d'Omphale" (op. 31) in 1871, the "Danse Macabre" (op. 40) in 1874, and it is a question if the technique of the later works is greater if we regard it as being the means to an end. Again, there is no real difference between "Le Déluge" (op. 45), which dates from 1875, and "The Promised Land" (op. 140) first performed in England in 1913. How many, I wonder, could guess that "Phaëton" (op. 39), composed in 1873, was written some fourteen years before the "Havanaïse"? This stationariness is best illustrated by the following table:

<i>Saint-Saëns</i>	<i>Other French Composers</i>	<i>Wagner and Strauss.</i>	<i>Verdi.</i>
(Dates of composition except in the case of operas which are those of productions.)	(dates of production.)		
Trio in F (op. 18) 1868	La Statue (Reyer.) 1861	Tristan and Isolde 1865	La Forza del Destino 1862
Pianoforte Concerto in C minor 1875		Die Meistersinger 1868	Don Carlos 1867
Samson and Delilah 1877		Das Rheingold 1869	Aida 1871
La Jeunesse d'Hercule 1877		Die Walküre 1876	
Étienne Marcel 1879		Siegfried 1876	
Suite Algérienne 1880		Götterdämmerung 1876	
Violin Concerto in B minor 1880			
Henry VIII 1883		Parsifal 1882	
Symphony in C minor 1886	Le Cid (Massenet.) 1885		
Ascanio 1890	Salammbo (Reyer.) 1890	Aus Italien 1886	Otello 1887
Suite for pianoforte 1891	Le Réve (Bruneau.) 1891	Tod und Verklärung 1889	
Phryné 1893	Werther 1892		
Souvenir d'Ismaïlia 1895	L'Attaque du Moulin (Bruneau.) 1893		Falstaff 1893

I am far from reproaching Saint-Saëns in this matter, but have dwelt upon it because it explains why he has, at times, fallen foul of both camps. In justice to him it ought to be made perfectly

clear that he is not a reactionary like Brahms. If he find little to recommend it in the music of certain aspects of up-to-dateness, he harbours no vain superstitions about the past. His attitude to programme music is evidence of this. As I have said, he has some affinity with Liszt. An interest in the classics in general and in Bach in particular we find in both. Both will be remembered as ardent advocates of the right kind of modernism, and their music, craving, as it does, for light and air, is solisequious. A deep current of sympathy united the two artists. If Saint-Saëns sat at the feet of Liszt, Liszt, on his part, gave practical proof of his admiration. Without him we should never have had "Samson and Delilah." It was the independence of Liszt which appealed most strongly to the younger man, who, like his great forerunner, ploughed a lonely furrow. It may be to the impression which Liszt made upon him that we owe the two groups of six pieces (op. 52 and op. 111) which, designed to exploit some technical point—one is on major and minor thirds, one on chromatics, one on rhythm, and so on—remind us of the Abbé's transcendental studies. Be this as it may, the symphonic poems show definitely Saint-Saëns's position as regards programme music. The symphonic poems of Liszt were written between 1847 and 1859, those of Saint-Saëns between 1871 and 1877. It is interesting to note the difference. Liszt was readier to indulge in experimentalism on a large scale than his younger colleague has ever been, and both his themes and his treatment of them are more ambitious. The important matter is not this but the fact that there is no antagonism of creed. Liszt was a pioneer and the faults of his works are those of pioneer works. Saint-Saëns had the inestimable advantage of knowing the whole of Liszt's series before he wrote his first example, so it is not surprising that his four essays in this form strike us as being more concise and concentrated. We do not feel with him, as we sometimes do with Liszt, that he is improvising on the orchestra in the grand manner. In them we see that Saint-Saëns has a keen sense of form, that he knows well that a work is not necessarily formless because it is not measured out in the orthodox method of which those who hold sonata form in superstition are never tired of talking. No one, in fact, has dealt with the question of programme music more lucidly than Saint-Saëns. The article on Liszt in his volume "*Harmonie et Mélodie*" is full of such commonsense that it ought to be read aloud at least once a year in all music schools. He finds "*Les Préludes*" satisfying if judged by a purely musical standard and epitomises the whole problem in the words, "Is the music itself

good or bad? That is everything." In his pronouncements on this much discussed topic those to whom every composer of programme music is a kind of pariah will find much on which to reflect.

Turning to the Wagnerian question we see that here also Fate has played him a strange trick. In his youth labelled a Wagnerian, many now consider that he is not so bold as Wagner was, that a good deal of his music is, in fact, pre-Wagnerian. I am certain that the reproach of being old-fashioned will worry him just as little as the reproach of being a dangerous character troubled him in his youth. When Wagnerian dragons first breathed their chromatic fire at the gates of Montparnasse and coiled their interminable tails round the villas of Passy their arrival caused much stir in the musical world of Paris. I believe it to be true that Saint-Saëns has not changed, but public opinion in France has materially altered. We can imagine that a man who was scholarly—for a large number of the French musicians of the past were merely excellent amateurs—and who had a symphonic sense which is not common among the Latins, was suspect in time past. That part of his music which owes something to the Germany of the Reformation may have put the critics on the wrong scent, and it is possible that the fact that his compositions were played in the enemy's camp, if I may put it so, gave some sort of endorsement to the hasty judgment of a section of the press. When Saint-Saëns was in his prime the Parisian public had a very loose notion of what Wagnerism meant, and the composer was not alone in being victimised by loquacious ignorance. Bizet's innocuous "Djamileh" was considered to show a Wagnerian tendency, a circumstance which is amazing to anyone who takes the trouble to examine the score. Saint-Saëns made his position clear in 1885. "I admire profoundly the works of Richard Wagner in spite of their eccentricity," he wrote. More important than this was the affirmation, "I have not belonged to, I do not belong to and I shall never belong to the Wagnerian religion"—a statement which is supplemented by his comment that "Wagnerophobia" is a disease. Passing from these verbal expressions to his music I find nothing with which to reproach him on this score. Wagner opened up new possibilities and added to the current coin of musical expression, and I do not think that you can fairly charge a man with being a Wagnerian, that is if you use the word in the derogatory sense, because you discover here and there an atmosphere similar to that of "Tannhäuser," a mood which approximates to that of "Lohengrin." In one part of the finale of the B minor violin

concerto you may detect some resemblance to the "Lohengrin" style, but to throw the epithet at Saint-Saëns because of this is the height of folly. More might be said on this subject. One might enlarge upon Paderewski's apt remark that in music absolute originality does not exist, or upon the question of the "leading theme," which device appeared in its French guise, the *idée fixe*, in Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" as early as 1830 and is also present in "Le Prophète," but in these days the student should be able to put such matters right for himself. The Wagnerian feud is now long past and we can see at leisure much that was difficult to discern amid the dust of the fray. Notwithstanding his polymathic qualities it is plain that if Saint-Saëns be deeply indebted to any composers of the German school it is to Bach, Handel and Mozart.

Saint-Saëns has a definite notion of what an opera ought to be and holds that dramatic music tends to become a synthesis of song, declamation and symphony. He allows himself considerable freedom in choice of subjects. "Ascanio" and "Henry VIII," for example, are historical, and in this we see a departure from the Wagnerian system. The music of all his operas gives food for thought because, while the value of it as such is not disputed and his facility in handling large masses is recognised, the works have never, as I have said, gained a firm place in the affections of the theatre-going public, though such things as the famous quartet in "Henry VIII" and the trio at the end of the first act of "Samson and Delilah" have been praised many times. The relationship between the voices and the orchestra is Italian rather than German. He uses the *leitmotif*, but has a bias toward the past. Here, perhaps, the middle course which he has taken has told against him. The intensely dramatic and vivid style of Verdi is highly effective in the theatre, the elaborate style of Wagner equally so; and it has been by these two men that the tastes of modern operatic devotees have, in the main, been fashioned. Saint-Saëns is neither Verdian nor Wagnerian, so that a feeling of disappointment may be engendered in those who look for the quick penetration of the Italian or the subtle characterisation of the German, especially as the Frenchman, with all his concert-room prestige, has evidently not been able to provide anything which the public could fasten on as a substitute. In modern times there has not, I think, been a case of a prominent man showing equal gifts as a symphonic and as an operatic writer. The dramatic Mozart is a greater man than the symphonic one. In the canon quartet of "Fidelio" Beethoven wrote a piece which, of

itself, is beautiful, but which, operatically considered, is a crude blunder such as Verdi would never have committed. Tchaikovsky's operas have not gained him the fame that has come to him through his orchestral works. Bizet had a natural talent for the theatre, as the power of "*Carmen*" testifies, yet he longed for that ability, which his friend Saint-Saëns possessed, to shine in the concert-hall. It is not necessary to cite other examples, for it is obvious that both dramatic and symphonic composition have difficulties peculiar to themselves.

So perhaps those who clamored for an epoch-making work from Saint-Saëns were crying for the moon or demanding that he should play the "complete man" of the Renaissance. But I hardly think that we go far astray when we say that the reason why he has never opened up new paths as Debussy has done in "*Pelléas and Mélisande*"—a work about which much can be said for and against—is to be sought largely in his violent dislike of schools, in a feeling which prevents his giving a definite "throw" in any particular direction; and one sometimes questions whether, in these times, it is possible for an opera to exhibit any real vitality unless it reveal a decided bias or have a "grip" which holds the attention. Here I would say that this is not a matter on which we can dogmatise, and I merely suggest an explanation, the validity of which may be tested by examining the nature of the problems with which the dramatic composer is confronted.

THE CRITIC.

The activities of Saint-Saëns in the field of criticism cannot properly be disregarded. The valuations of many composers are misleading. The nature of their occupation does not help them to judge men calmly and deal with them according to their merits. As many know, Saint-Saëns is an exception. I do not suppose that we should subscribe to all that any critic, however good, has written, and when the French composer tells us that Gounod's "*Redemption*" and "*Mors et Vita*" will show future generations what a great musician he was I can only say that I violently disagree with him. This does not prevent my recognising that, in his published works, there is much good sense and a proof of that intimate knowledge of all the phases of his art to which I have referred; not that he relies upon technical jargon. There is a liberal sprinkling of Attic salt. He throws light upon his subject by a certain picturesqueness of expression and by sundry

quaint touches which arrest the reader. He presses home his argument by many a *bon mot*, some of which have become common property. There is a sting in his words and a vein of scepticism in some of his passages which may easily be misunderstood. When the unreflective are busy with their acclamations or denunciations, Saint-Saëns is engaged in the work of examination; and it is the difference between the method of the crowd and that of the master which causes some to declare him guilty of occasional cynicism. Now and again he epitomises his views in an aphorism which might have come from the lips of Voltaire himself, and the definite manner in which he records his likes and dislikes has made him many enemies, though, as in the case of Vincent d'Indy, it has not tempted the author to pay idle compliments. When it seemed necessary to him he has explained his own work, though far less copiously than Wagner did. In such moments, as when he declared, "I am passionately fond of liberty" ("Harmonie et Mélodie"), we get a sincere confession from him. But most readers will find the greatest refreshment in scanning the prose compositions in which he passes judgment on other composers. His estimates of Liszt and Wagner will be fairly clear after what I have said. He has spoken of Palestrina and Bach, and shown not only an acquaintance with their music but, what is infinitely rarer, a familiarity with the musical thought and the current opinions of their periods. He has an uncommon sense of historical perspective. Rossini and Offenbach have their share of attention, and it will surprise some to find that the former, who is remembered in many quarters simply by his famous *crescendo*, is not dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. To the article on Massenet, which appeared in "L'Écho de Paris" in October, 1912, I have already referred. It is, in its own way, a masterpiece. He makes plain that, for him, the typical Massenet theme has no particular attraction, but it is worth while recalling that, in 1872, he recorded for "Marie Magdeleine" "the greatest success of the most audacious experiment made by a musician since Berlioz's 'L'Enfance du Christ'"—a verdict which carries weight, for Saint-Saëns does not employ the honeyed phrases of the courtier. Through the medium of "Le Courrier Musical" in 1905 a certain kind of modernism came in for a severe trouncing, and in the pages of "Le Franco-Californien" one may discover an erudite discourse on the execution of old music which is worthy of the editor of M.-A. Charpentier's "Le Malade imaginaire," Gluck's "Echo and Narcissus" and Rameau's works. The author of "Harmonie et Mélodie" and "Portraits et Souvenirs" is no aggressive solipsist. The final

test may be described in words of his own: "Is the music itself good or bad?" Notable is the confession that it is not Bach or Beethoven whom he loves, but art itself. And when he declares that the house of Apollo has many mansions we can only say that he has good reason to speak thus. For no man has lodged more comfortably in its spacious halls.

GREEK MUSIC

By PHILLIPS BARRY

THE materials for a study of ancient Greek music are of two sorts, documentary and archæological.

We have, in turn, two kinds of documentary material. There are, first, a host of incidental references to music and musicians scattered through the literature of the classic and post-classic periods. Secondly, there is a large body of purely technical writings, which we shall here collectively designate as the Musicography. The oldest of these is the so-called *Pseudo-Aristotle*,—a collection of students' minutes of academic discussions relating to the theory and practice of music. Much of the matter is interesting and valuable,—not a little of it quite indispensable. Next in importance, and scarcely less useful, are the treatises of the voluminous philosopher Aristoxenus, surnamed the *Musician* (c. 300 B. C.). We have from his pen but two extant works, the *Principles of Melodies* in one book, for beginners, and the *Elements of Melodies*, in two books, written for more advanced students. Much Aristoxenean material, however, has come down to us in excerpts, preserved in Plutarch's *Essay on Music*, and in the handbooks of Aristides, Cleonides, and others. The short handbook ascribed to a certain Alypius renders indispensable aid in understanding and deciphering the Greek method of musical notation.

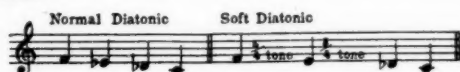
The archæological material is likewise of two kinds. We have a few specimens of ancient musical instruments, and many more representations in sculpture and painting of instruments and performers. Yet these are of little more than insignificant value, as compared with the few scores of musical compositions which have come down to us. These are but four, in all,—the *Aidin Epitaph*, published by Ramsay in 1883, and first correctly interpreted musically by Munro in 1894,—the *Ashmunen Papyrus*, a fragment of the lost score of the Orestes of Euripides,—and two *Ritual Hymns*, discovered at Delphi by Homolle in 1893. Only the *Aidin Epitaph* is unmutilated. That so little should have survived of the music of the Greeks, beside so much of their poetry, might seem almost incomprehensible. Yet there was a very real reason for it. Not until late in the post-classic period,—certainly, not before the year 279 B. C., had the Greeks devised a convenient

and serviceable method of notation. Scores were few and far between,—Greek music perished for the simple reason that it was not, so to speak, published. Yet small as our *corpus* is, we cannot be too thankful for it,—in fact, without its aid, a study of Greek music would be a fruitless task.

STRUCTURAL BASIS OF GREEK MUSIC

Reduced to its lowest terms, the structural basis of all Greek music was the consonance of the *fourth*,—hence the tetrachord was defined as the bed-rock of musical composition. In theory, of course, the possible forms of the tetrachord were infinite, yet in practice, their number was limited to certain recognised differences of *genus*, *shade* and *species*. This limitation was based on the usage of musicians. Aristoxenus, therefore, classified as *diatonic* every tetrachord containing not more than one semitone, as *enharmonic* the form admitting quarter-tones, and all others as *chromatic*. Such were the *genera*, each with its variations of *shade*. These differences may be illustrated by means of a diagram:

Diatonic:



Chromatic:



Enharmonic:



By transposition of the order of the intervals within a particular genus, the variations of *figure* or *species* were effected.

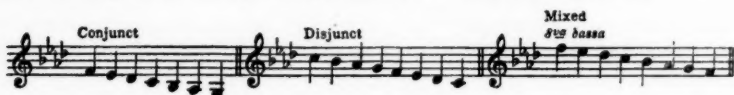


The melodic sequence of every ancient composition could be reduced to these forms, used either singly, or in a variety of combinations.

Every possible scale was analysed as made up of tetrachords, or parts of tetrachords, combined according to certain well-recognised and universally applied rules. Let us take a tetrachord of the first diatonic species:



If two of these were so combined that a common note served as the highest tone of the lower tetrachord, and the lowest of the upper, the resulting scale was *conjunct*, having the range of a minor seventh. Yet if the interval of a tone separated the two tetrachords, the scale was then defined as *disjunct*, because of the presence of the tone of disjunction. If, however, the conjunct scale were extended to the compass of an octave, by adding the interval of a tone at its base, the scale became of the *mixed* or alternating form. Or, as represented in modern notation:



The tetrachordal structure, as here briefly outlined, is even of more significance than the absence of harmony and counterpoint as a characteristic evidence of the difference between ancient Greek music, and the music of our own time. If, for example, we think of the structural basis of our music in terms of the tonic chord, we infer that this chord shall be in its fundamental position. To think of Greek music in terms of the tonic chord, however, requires of us also that we imagine the chord in its second inversion.

THE PRIMARY MODES

The Greeks recognised three primary modes of music, Dorian, Phrygian and Lydian, the tonal sequences of which were as given in the diagram:



From the Greek point of view, these diatonic scales might be analysed as composed of tetrachords, respectively, of the first,

third and second species, arranged in the disjunct order. It is also possible for us, disposed as we are to think in terms of harmonic possibilities, to define them according to the structure of their tonic and dominant chords. The Dorian has a minor third in both, the Lydian a major third in both, while the Phrygian has a major third in the tonic and a minor third in the dominant chord. Such an analysis devolves at once upon the Greek interpretation of a certain tone as the *tonic* of the scale.

In the course of a most suggestive and illuminating discussion of the tonal structure of the Dorian, the first of the primary modes, as represented by the scale of the lyre in standard tune, the Pseudo-Aristotle clearly shows that the fourth of the scale, the tone rendered by the middle finger string of the lyre, was the tonic. Every Greek boy who learned to play the lyre in school, knew that the condition of being in tune was for any note of the scale governed by its relation to the tone of this middle finger string. That is, if the middle finger string were out of tune, every other note of the scale, by reason of the fact that the very condition of its being in tune at all was lost, was felt to be out of tune. Yet if any other string were out of tune, while the middle finger string was at true pitch, that string which was out of tune was the only one felt to render a false note. One could not wish for a better exposition of the principle of tonality, which we now recognise to be the principle which requires that every note of a modal scale be felt as "something at a certain distance from, with a certain relation to another tone," that is, the fundamental or tonic.

The fourth of the scale then, was, for the primary modes, the tonic, so that the lowest tone of the octave was the inferior dominant. Another fundamental principle of composition was that on this inferior dominant, every melody cast in a primary mode should come to a close. We have illustrations of this usage in our *corpus* of Greek melody, showing the cadences in the Dorian, Phrygian and Lydian:

Dorian Mode:

Ritual Hymn A



Phrygian Mode:*Lydian Mode:*

This rule of cadence structure was inviolate, and formed a criterion for the genuine. That is to say, the violation of it in seven melodies hitherto supposed to be Greek, since they are transcribed in the Greek notation, renders final proof that these melodies are not authentic, but are forgeries by persons who were quite unacquainted with the grounds and rules of Greek music, as we know them from the unanimous testimony of the musicography and the four unimpeachable scores.

In the late post-classic period, however, when the refinements and artificialities, not only of Asiatic-Greek, but of Asiatic music had permeated the whole being of the art, certain composers, the *futurists* of their time, did apparently break the rule of the cadence, though not in the manner in which we find it broken in the forgeries. That is, they permitted a Dorian melody to close on a tone lying a semitone below the inferior dominant. This usage is illustrated in the second part of the melody to Ritual Hymn A:



The mode is clearly Dorian chromatic, with the close indicated in the diagram. Yet the f-sharp,—an example of the futurist tendencies mentioned by Aristoxenus, permitting alteration even of the notes bounding a tetrachord,—serves as a leading-tone to the inferior dominant. This is evident from the phrase



so strangely modern in its effect. Only to Greek ears, there was equal satisfaction in having a leading-tone with a retrogressive as well as a progressive tendency. Such a leading-tone might follow, as well as precede the tone to which it tended:



In this place, it serves as the *de facto* final tone of the cadence, yet without any violation of the rule of melody, since it serves, as it were, to throw back the attention all the more forcibly to the true closing note, that is, the inferior dominant.

There was also another requirement of good melodic structure, observed by all the best composers, namely, that the melody was to revert frequently to the tonic,—even more so than to any other tone. We may observe, from the examples already cited, especially the Aidin Epitaph, how generally this rule was followed. Let us examine, also, the Ashmunen fragment of the Orestes-music:

Π P C P' Φ Π

κα - το - λο φύ ρο - μαι, κα - το λο - φύ - ρο - μαι μα - τέ ρος αἰ - μα σᾶς,

Z I' Z E Π P C

ὁ σ' ἀνα βακ - χεύ ει ὁ μέ - γας ὀλ - βος οὐ μὶ - νι - μος ἐν βρο - τοῖς

I' Z C P Π C Π Φ C

ἀν - ἀ δὲ λαῖ - φος ὤς τις ἀ κά - του θο ᾶς τινά - ξας δαιμῶν

Π P Π Z I Z Z C P

κα-τέ κλυ-σεν δεινῶν πόνων ὡς πόντου λάβροις ὀλεθρίοι-σιν ἐν κύμασιν.

In the papyrus, a sign which does not stand for a musical note, marks the close of a rhythmical phrase. The range of tones is:

wherefore we conclude that the mode is Dorian chromatic. There are two instances of the Dorian cadence, the clearest in the third phrase:

It is to be noted also that two phrases begin on the tonic. The effect, as the effect of frequent repetition of the tonic in the melody, was to impress the tonality on the consciousness of the hearer. We are content, as it were, to imagine the presence of the tonic: Greek music, lacking the harmonic development of our own, needed evidently that the tonic be thus frequently repeated.

We shall hereinafter refer to the type of cadence associated with the primary modes, as the *mesotonic* cadence, to signify that as the tonic is the *mese*, or fourth of the scale, the tones which by their order determine the modality, lie in the lower half of the octave. It is clear, from the examples before us, that over a period extending from the year 408 B. C., when the *Orestes* was acted, down to the first century A. D., this mesotonic cadence was characteristic of the primary modes.

THE SECONDARY MODES

But the resources of the composer were not exhausted with the possibilities of the primary modes alone. In strict composition, tones lying above or below the range of the octave scales were not generally used for Dorian, Phrygian, or Lydian melodies, especially for Dorian. The Ashmuneu *Orestes*, it is true, admits the inferior subdominant,—yet, on the other hand, the melody of the Aidin Epitaph is restricted to the compass of the octave. With the secondary modes, however, a larger latitude of free

composition was permitted. That is, not only the order of the intervals in the final cadence, but the actual register of tones employed in a given composition was of importance for the structure and effect of the melody. Technically, the term *tense*, originally applied to the primary modes, but later restricted to the Lydian, was made to signify a type of secondary mode, admitting to the melody, tones lying a fifth above the range of the octave scale. The other type of secondary mode, characterised by tones lying below the range of the octave, was called *relaxed*. We shall here consider the secondary modes known by the names Mixolydian, Ionian, Hypodorian, Hypophrygian, Hypolydian, and Locrian or Hyperphrygian.

The Mixolydian mode, as its name suggests, was not only Asiatic-Greek, but understood by composers to be in reality a kind of artificial structure in which were blended Dorian and Lydian characteristics. Aristoxenus ascribed its invention to Sappho: it was freely used by the Attic poets, especially Euripides, sometimes in the form we shall hereafter describe as the intermodulating Dorian-Mixolydian. We know the sequence of its intervals, from the description of the Mixolydian species of the octave scale, in the Musicography:



That its true relation to the Dorian was as indicated in the diagram, may easily be shown.

In the music of our Ritual Hymns, are several passages, the structure of which is demonstrably Mixolydian. Of these, the following, from Ritual Hymn B., has suffered least from mutilation of the stone:



The scale of this melody, as indicated in the diagram:



follows the tonal sequence of the Mixolydian species of the octave, while the final cadence is observed to lie within the range of the tones corresponding in pitch value to the Dorian subdominant, and the octave of its tonic. Clearly, then, the intrusion of the high note in the seventh measure, an octave above the Dorian tonic, is to fix, for the hearer, according to the familiar law of good melody, the position of the Mixolydian tonic at this point. The closing note, then, as we should expect it, is a fourth below the tonic, on the Mixolydian inferior dominant, an octave above the Dorian inferior dominant. Moreover, the tonal sequence of the cadence follows a certain stereotyped form, which occurs over and over again in the Mixolydian portions of Hymn B, and as a modulation also in Hymn A, so characteristic, that it may be called the Mixolydian melodic motif:

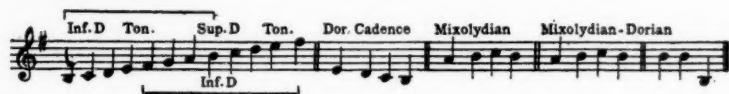


Evidently the repetition of this melodic motif was a special rule of composition for this mode, as the repetition of the tonic was for the primary modes. And since the Mixolydian tonic was the second highest note of the scale, it is proper to reserve the term *oxytonic* for the Mixolydian cadence.

The intermodulating form of the Dorian-Mixolydian is also well illustrated in the foregoing example. In the third measure, the melody drops a full octave from the Mixolydian inferior dominant to the Dorian. Such a modulation, however, is but transient, for the next step is back again to the Mixolydian. The effect is rather more apparent in the closing measures of the sixth and seventh parts of the melody of Ritual Hymn B, both of which are otherwise Mixolydian:



The relation of the two modes is shown by the accompanying diagram:

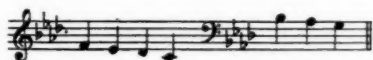


Similarly, modulation from the Dorian to the Mixolydian is produced by the upward skip of the octave, as in the following example:



The effect of the Mixolydian, whether or not used in intermodulation with the Dorian, was in the use of the high tones, which imparted to a melody otherwise Dorian the suggestion of Asiatic threnodic music, written in the high-keyed Lydian mode. There was not the same difference of modality between Dorian and Mixolydian that obtained between Dorian and Phrygian, since there was no change in the order of the intervals bounded by tonic and dominant.

The earliest mention of the Ionian mode, a *relaxed* mode, as compared with the Dorian, is by Pratinas of Phlius (c. 510). It had long been the favorite mode of the Lydian-Greek school of erotic and convivial lyric, of which the Teian composers Pythermus and Anacreon were the most noted exponents. Structurally, the scale of the Ionian was nothing but the scale formed of two tetrachords of the form characteristic of the Dorian mode, joined by the method of conjunction:



The original relation of Ionian to Dorian, that is, as a secondary mode to its primary mode, was as given in the diagram. We may note also, that this same scale was rendered by the strings of the Lydian *barbit*, a peculiar form of bass lyre to which Pythermus and Anacreon sang their light lyrics.

We have in the music to Ritual Hymn B, several passages set in a mode, the melodic sequence of which corresponds exactly to the chromatic form of the Ionian scale. Of these, the following is the best:



Since, however, the composers of the music to this hymn have treated the Ionian but as a form of the Dorian with a minor super-tonic, they have failed to retain its true character as a relaxed form of the Dorian. We shall, therefore, more correctly speak of it as Pseudo-Ionian.

We may here conveniently discuss also the peculiar melodic structure of the music to the Coda of Ritual Hymn B:



The range of tones in this melody is as follows:

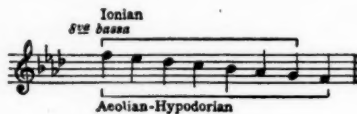


The obtrusiveness of the skip of the major third in several measures shows the composer's intent clearly. That is, he introduced a peculiar form of intermodulating Dorian and Pseudo-Ionian:



In each, the scale is of a double gapped pentatonic type, save that to the Dorian is prefixed the inferior subdominant. As before, the true relation of Dorian and Ionian is lost sight of. The composer, too, sought to show himself an archaist, in that he borrowed the pentatonic gapped scale from the ancient traditional Ritual Arias ascribed to a mythical Asiatic composer, Olympus of Mysia.

Pratinas, likewise his contemporary Lasus of Hermione, mentions also an Æolian mode. Lasus, in fact wrote a Hymn to Demeter, set to a melody in this mode, which he describes as a bass air. This Æolian mode was identical with the Hypodorian, a relaxed form of the Dorian, extending a full tone below the Ionian:



Similarly, the Hypophrygian and Hypolydian modes were, so to speak, plagal forms of the Phrygian and Lydian:



Yet of the use of these forms of relaxed modes in melodic composition, we are not informed. Only in the case of the Hypolydian, we know that composers followed the example of the Lydian-Greek Polymnestus of Colophon, in associating the mode with the soft diatonic:



Let us now summarise our conclusions relating to the melodic interassociation of primary and secondary modes. We may illustrate by a diagram:



Herein the Dorian mode, which occupied a certain known tonal range, is the primary form. Below it and above it, respectively, lie the Hyperdorian or Mixolydian and the Hypodorian or Æolian, also the Ionian. A similar relation existed also between the Phrygian mode and its secondary forms, the Hypophrygian and the Hyperphrygian or Locrian:



It will be observed that the order of intervals in the Locrian mode corresponds exactly to those of the Hypodorian. Hence in the musicography, the Hypodorian species of the octave is called also Locrian.

MELODIC COMPOSITION

In dealing with the ways and means of composing music, we are obliged to specify our subject as *melodic composition*. The most significant point of difference between Greek music and our own, is, as we have already intimated, that the development of Greek music followed a melodic, not a harmonic course of evolution. This was a very real difference, of course, yet it was not a difference of the sort to warrant a word of disparaging criticism. Music is a universal language only in the sense that speech is itself universal, an expression of certain parts of the thinking and feeling aspects of human consciousness. It is inevitable that the world's history should show an indefinite number of local varieties of expression,—the musical art of the Greeks was one such form, and our musical art another. Moreover, if the Greek composer had failed to develop the possibilities of harmony, he had far exceeded modern composers in his power of melodic expression, according as his resources were so much greater. A melody, for example, admitting the third part of a tone, was nothing unheard of for the Greeks, yet no composer in our time has ventured to follow Busoni's suggestion that this interval may be made melodically available.

Within the limits of the present article, it is not possible to go much into detail with regard to the historical development of the art of music during the classic period. Certain important matters, may, however, be submitted to the reader's attention.

There were two recognised and well-defined schools of composition, which we may call the Old Classic and the New Classic. The former group of composers wrote in a strict, severe style, long associated with the works of Pindar, Simonides and Æschylus. The chromatic type of melody was not used at all; modulation, involving change of mode or genus, only very sparingly. On the other hand, the New Classic school insisted on the right of the composer to be a creative artist, to express his own individuality in his work, and to establish his own, rather than to follow traditional forms. Composition was free,—any or all genera or modes were at the musician's disposal, and especially, much use was made of modulation. The leading exponents of the New Classic art, were first of all, Lasus, the pioneer, and Philoxenus, Euripides and Timothy, each supreme in his own respective genre, the Dionysiac Choral, the lyric drama, and the citharodic aria. Timothy, in fact, might be called the Greek Debussy. As between the merits of Old Classic and New Classic art, the critics

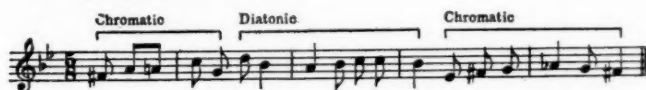
of ancient times, especially Plato and the comic poets, decided in favor of the former; as we believe, quite unjustly and mistakenly.

Our *corpus* of Greek melody, small as it is, is enough to acquaint us at first hand with the differences between the Old Classic and the New Classic styles. The melody of the Aidin Epitaph, in its charming simplicity cannot but recall the best of the Old Classic style, while the Ashmunen fragment of the *Orestes*, representing Euripides' most mature work, is equally characteristic of the New Classic manner. Moreover, in the music to our Ritual Hymns, we have not only the influence both of the Old and the New Classic schools, but some evidences of the cross-currents in taste which prevailed during the post-classic period, namely futurism, so to speak, and archaism.

Before proceeding to give an analysis of the Ritual Hymns, let us consider the important subject of modulation.

In our music, modulation is not nearly as extensive a means to the adornment of a piece as it was in Greek music, for the simple reason that our melodic resources are not so great. That is, it involves for us change of key, and to the extent of shifts from major to minor, or vice versa, change of mode also. A Greek composer, however, had a choice not only of fifteen keys for intermodulation, but had three genera and a large number of modes as well. Hence the musicography distinguishes modulation by genus, mode and key, as embracing the less complicated forms. We have already dealt with the intermodulating Dorian Mixolydian,—we may here add certain examples of the other forms.

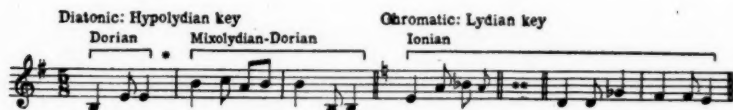
Change of Genus:



Change of Mode:



Change of Key,—also of Genus and Mode:



Yet a fourth kind of modulation involved a change in the whole plan of composition,—that is, of genus, mode and key.

STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS OF THE MUSIC OF RITUAL HYMNS A AND B

RITUAL HYMN A

The music of this hymn, which is set in the Phrygian key, is of three parts:

1. Diatonic,—measures 1-28,
2. Chromatic,—measures 29-57,
3. Diatonic,—measures 58, ff.

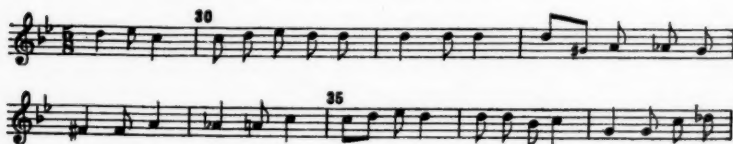
Each of these parts may be submitted to a detailed examination.

Part 1,—measures 1-28



The first seven measures are fragmentary,—yet the Dorian mode is indicated. We have therefore restored the cadence in accordance with such tonal suggestion. The succeeding phrase, 8-13, is Lydian. In 14-28, the final cadence is Dorian, while modulations to the Pseudo-Ionian, in 24, and to the Mixolydian in 21-22, are evident.

Part 2,—measures 29-57





This part opens with a sudden and abrupt change from diatonic to chromatic. The mode is Mixolydian in 29-31, shifting with a change of key as well, to Dorian in 32-4, and back again to the Mixolydian in 35. A cadence, with change of key, and of mode to the Dorian, occurs in 37. A new phrase begins in the latter part of 37, with a cadence in 43,—the mode being Dorian, save for a transient modulation to Pseudo-Ionian in 37. This is followed by a third phrase, at first Dorian, changing in 45 to Phrygian diatonic, returning in 46 to Dorian, with cadence at 47. The final phrase, 48-57, is an unusually elaborate and beautiful example of the Dorian chromatic, with the peculiar close on the leading-tone to the inferior dominant.

Part 3,—measures 58, ff



The upward skip of the octave in 58, indicates a quick shift from the Dorian to the Mixolydian, the persistence of which is shown

by the range of the melody in the upper tetrachord. In 78, we have the melodic motif, and in 79, a transient modulation to the Dorian, with the typical Mixolydian cadence in 83. The musical appropriateness of this mode, which was intended to convey a suggestion of excitement and tense emotional strain, is particularly to be noted, as the lines tell of the conflict of Apollo and the Python.

RITUAL HYMN B

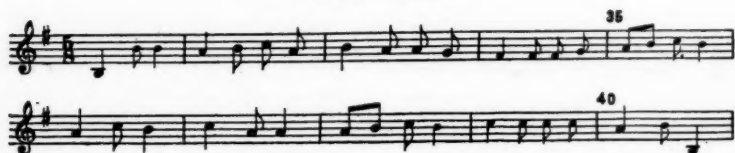
Of this hymn, there are extant ten parts,—the first seven more or less complete and amenable to analysis, the next two quite defective. The tenth part, or Coda, is also much mutilated.

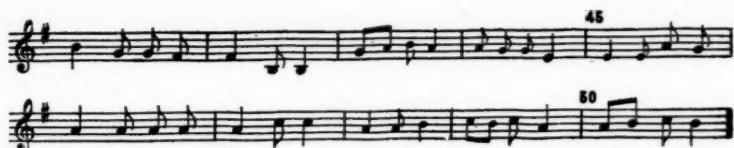
Part 1,—measures 1-30



The key is Lydian, corresponding to our *natural* key, and the mode Dorian, with transient modulation to Pseudo-Ionian in 11, 12, 25. One special feature is the frequency of *melodic tension*, the consecutive repetition of a note, as in 20-21.

Part 2,—31-50





With a downward skip of a fourth, the key changes from Lydian to Hypolydian. The mode, at first Dorian, shifts suddenly in '31 to the Mixolydian, with a transient modulation back to the Dorian in 39. By the frequent iteration of the Mixolydian melodic motif



retained in the final cadence, the modality of this part is made quite evident.

Part 3,—51-60



This part, too, is in the Mixolydian mode, and the Hypolydian key. A transient modulation to the Dorian occurs in 50. In 56, the characteristic tonic of the Mixolydian is introduced to stabilise the melody.

Part 4,—61-75



The change of key to the Lydian would indicate a rise of a fourth, if the melody of the preceding part had ended with a Dorian cadence. Yet since the cadence was Mixolydian, with the closing note on the octave of the Dorian inferior dominant, the change of key, despite the fact that the Lydian lies a fourth above the

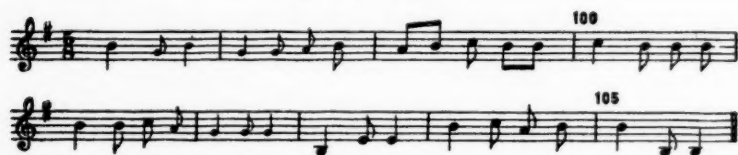
Hypolydian, is effected by a downward step. For the first time, the chromatic genus is introduced, set to the Pseudo-Ionian.

Part 5,—76-96



In this part, the key changes back to Hypolydian, while the presence of the melodic motif in 68, or with variations in 83-4, 92-3, shows that the mode is Mixolydian. The final cadence is Mixolydian-Dorian.

Part 6,—97-105



A return to the Mixolydian is shown by the opening note, and by the melodic motif. The cadence is again Mixolydian-Dorian.

Part 7,—106-118



The key changes from Hypolydian to Lydian, with the upward step of the fourth. Again the genus is chromatic, the mode Pseudo-Ionian.

Part 8,—119 ff



Once more, key and mode change, to Hypolydian and Mixolydian, —the latter with a transient Dorian note of introduction.

Part 9,—I-IX



This part is so defective that little can be made out of it. Yet the modality is clearly Mixolydian, as the presence of the melodic motif indicates. The fact that the motif is set a full fourth higher than in other Mixolydian parts of the music, establishes the fact that the key is Lydian.

Part 10,—Coda : 1-14



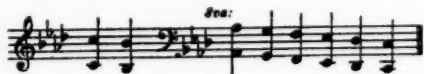
The key is still Lydian,—the mode a peculiar form of intermodulating pentatonic Dorian and Pseudo-Ionian, as we have already shown. We may add that the rhythm, in heptuple time, illustrates

the composer's futurist tendencies, for Aristoxenus declares heptuple rhythm impossible.

ANTIPHONAL MELODY

The word *antiphony* had for the Greeks the special connotation of the interval of the octave and the degree of consonance associated with it. It was a musician's term, for which *antiphthong*, *antipsalm* and *magadism* were synonyms. The antiphonal melody was the simplest and, to the Greeks, the only possible form of part-singing, that is to say, an arrangement of parts in parallel octaves. Such was the effect of a choral song, rendered by a mixed choir of men and boys.

By means of a simple mechanical device called *magadis*, evidently a sort of detachable bridge, it was possible to render an antiphonal melody on any instrument of the lyre or harp type. The usage, as well as the name, originated among the Semitised Lydians of the Neo-Lydian empire in the sixth century B. C., from whom, in turn, the Lydian-Greek composers Alcman of Sardis and Anacreon of Teus derived both. Anacreon sang his light lyrics of women and wine to the accompaniment of a ten-stringed Lydian psaltery, which, when provided with the *magadis*, had its compass virtually doubled. We may illustrate the effect by a diagram of the scale of the octochordal lyre:



With Anacreon, who was one of the court poets of the Pisistratid aristocracy, the *magadis* and the Lydian method of singing in parallel octaves came to Athens. Long after the use of the device had been given up, when no one knew whether the *magadis* was a musical instrument or not, the name was applied to the antiphonal chant. Thus *magadism* meant for the musicographers, the method of singing a melody written for a mixed choir.

Not only vocal, but instrumental music was rendered in parallel octaves. We know that the Semitised Lydians, when the Greeks first came in contact with them, played instrumental duets on the large triangular Phrygian harp and the Lydian psaltery. According to one tradition, the Lesbian professionals composed such duets for bass lyre and psaltery. In the post-classic period antiphonal duets of pipes and strings were sometimes performed.

INSTRUMENTAL ACCOMPANIMENT

Two forms of instrumental accompaniment were known to the Greeks, namely, the homophonic and the heterophonic.

Homophonic accompaniment, that is, when the accompanist did but play the air on his instrument, while the voices rendered it in unison, was believed to have been a very ancient usage. In the classic period, it was revived for the dramatic solo song, as this genre was developed by Euripides. For this purpose, the lyre was not used, as it was held that voice and strings did not blend with sufficient smoothness to produce the best artistic effect. Instead, the pipes were employed, on the theory that as the tones of pipes and voice were both produced by air, the blending necessary for a satisfactory accompaniment was the more readily produced.

Technically, from the point of view of the musicographers, who, beginning with Aristoxenus, wrote on instrumentation, the voice was a musical instrument,—in fact, the perfect instrument. From an early time, certain composers had used the voice for accompaniment, in place of lyre or pipes. Thus the so-called *aulodic aria* was a pipe solo with an accompaniment rendered by the choir. In this case, the choir sang the lines of a hymn. Yet Archilochus (c. 648 B. C.), and following him also Æschylus and Philoxenus, wrote melodies to be accompanied by vocal imitations of the tones of the lyre,—such imitations consisting of the repetition of onomatopoetic syllables or words, *tenella*, *phlattothrat*, *thretanelo*. Aristophanes, in the *Frogs*, makes Euripides, before Dionysus as musical critic, render a burlesque of Æschylean music:

EURIPIDES: (Sings) "Ho, for the twin-throned might of Hellas' youth,—

Sing *phlatto-thrat*, sing *phlatto-thrat*!

DIONYSUS: Sing flat o' thrat! How's that? A tune you stole
In Marathon, some rope-walk chanty, eh?"

The allusion to the rope-walk chanty lets us know that the folk-songs of the ancients had their unintelligible refrains. Such accompaniments were called *teretisms*, that is, "twitterings." Sometimes such *teretisms* were made to imitate the accompaniment by pipes, more correctly known as the *niglare*. The use of the *niglare*, which must have been some sort of whistling or yodeling, was originated by Lamprus, the teacher of Sophocles, and extensively employed by Timothy of Miletus.

The expression *subordinate* was technically applied to the second, or heterophonic form of accompaniment. This accompani-

ment, except in the form of a drone-bass, was invariably pitched higher than the melody. This usage constitutes another of the important points of difference between Greek music and our own. It is briefly illustrated by Aristoxenus, whose statements may be diagrammatically rendered:



We have an example of heterophonic accompaniment in the Ashmunen papyrus of the Orestes:



The use of heterophonic accompaniment in the form of a drone-bass was but sparing. It is known that it was characteristic of music performed on the curious Phrygian double-pipe, of chanter and drone. Moreover, since the Greeks had the bagpipe, they must have felt that the drone-bass was the peculiarity which made the instrument seem always exotic. We may take the word of Aristophanes in the *Acharnians*, that the Greeks of his time had little taste for the bagpipe:

BEOTIAN: Ye Theban laddies, a' o' ye, coom heir,
Wi' pipes o' bane, blaw yon wee doggie's hide!
DICEOPOLIS: *Dog-gone ye!* Hornets, buzzing round my door,
Bumble-bee pipers, Chaeris' own, to swarm
With me? Where did they come from, dash their
eyes!

Chaeris was one of the worst of pipers, so that the association of his name with the music of the bagpipes voiced dislike for the instrument even more emphatically than the curses of the enraged citizen whose sleep had been murdered by the street musicians.

While we are considering instrumental accompaniment, a word or two on the subject of musical instruments will not be out of place.

The characteristic instrument of the Greeks (the only one, in fact, which Plato thought a Greek should ever play upon) was the lyre. Yet it was not an invention of the Greeks, but a relic of the pre-Hellenic Minoan civilisation. The Minoans, in turn, had derived it from Egypt, where, too, it was exotic, though imported by Semitic Bedouins as early as the year 2200 B. C.

Ultimately, the lyre came from China. In its most familiar form it had eight strings, rendering the Dorian octochord. Sometimes however, it was made with but seven,—leaving out the mediant of the scale:



We have already mentioned the heptachordal bass lyre, or *barbit* of the Lydians. Beside these forms, there was also the *cithar* of the Asiatic-Greek professional, introduced into Athens by Phrynis of Mitylene in the year 445 B. C. The cithar was a larger and more elaborate instrument than the ordinary lyre, much more difficult to play upon. Phrynis used one with ten strings, while Timothy of Miletus tells us that his cithar had eleven.

No other stringed instrument ever enjoyed good repute among the Greeks. The Lydian psaltery, introduced by Anacreon, was too much associated with Anacreontic morals, while the case of the harp was even worse. Four kinds of harps were known in the classic and post-classic periods. There was the large triangular harp popularly known as *Phrygian*. A smaller instrument of similar shape but of different construction was called the *sambuke*. The *nabla* of the Syrians was identical with the Psalmist's instrument with ten strings. Lastly, the *phanix* was nothing but the curious boat-shaped harp of the Egyptians. All these had been introduced into Greece by professionals from the East, who began to come in soon after the Persian Wars, and continued to minister to the vulgar taste of the nouveaux riches with their loose songs and worse dances. To decent people everywhere, the manners of these professionals were beyond endurance, so much so that no form of the harp could ever become popular except with a limited class. The same was true of the lute, introduced from Asia in the fourth century B. C.

Of wind instruments, the Greeks had many different forms, exclusive of the horn and trumpet, and generically distinguished by the names *syrix* and *aulos*. The former were of the true flute type, including the familiar Pan's pipes, and the Egyptian fipple-flute. There is no evidence that the Greeks had any instrument corresponding to our cross-flute or piccolo. All other pipes, generically called *aulos*, were provided with reeds, and generally played in pairs. The Lydian pipes, for instance, the form commonly used for accompaniment of choral odes and solo songs on the Attic stage, had two straight pipes of equal length, fitted

with a curious detachable muzzle-like mouthpiece. In the post-classic period, however, two forms of single pipe, used respectively in the rituals of Isis and Osiris, were introduced into Athens. Of these, the pipe of the Isiac mysteries was played upon in the same manner as our flute, but had its reed inserted in the lateral mouthpiece. The other form of Egyptian reed-pipe, sometimes represented as of conical bore, may have been an oboe.

Nothing better illustrates the extent to which the Greeks, in developing a musical art of their own, were indebted to older and non-Hellenic civilisation, than the names of musical instruments. The Asiatic harp, which every Greek of the classical period knew was exotic, bears the good Greek name *trigon*,—that is, "triangle." Otherwise, the name of every musical instrument, including the five names of the lyre, is a foreign word.

NOTATION

As early as the time of Aristoxenus, the Greeks had a simple system of diastematic notation. This method, however, was little used, and in time entirely supplanted by a tonic notation, in which all existing scores of Greek music are written. This tonic notation, the basis of which was the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet, has been quite incorrectly assumed to be very ancient. The earliest record of its use, however, is in the scores of the Delphic Ritual Hymns, engraved on stone in 138-128 B. C. We have besides, the libretti of the Hymns of Aristonous, engraved on stone at Delphi in 279 B. C., which are not provided with a score of the music. Now this Aristonous was the most distinguished composer of his time, highly honored by the Delphians. It is inconceivable, therefore, if the tonic notation had been in use at the time, that the music of his hymns should not have been preserved as well as the lines. We must conclude, therefore, that as late as 279 B. C., the tonic notation had not been invented. This conclusion is strongly reinforced by the fact that Aristoxenus, who was a contemporary of Aristonous, knows nothing of the tonic notation.

From the testimony of the musicographers Aristides, Gauden-tius and Alypius, we learn that the two forms in which the tonic notation has come down to us were distinguished by usage as *vocal* and *instrumental*. With these statements, the testimony of our scores agrees. Thus, the melodies to the Orestes, to the Aidin Epitaph, and to Ritual Hymn A, are notated in the vocal notation. In the Orestes score, certain signs of the instrumental

series are used to mark the close of a phrase, or to notate accompaniment. Since Ritual Hymn B was in reality an instrumental aria with a vocal accompaniment consisting of the lines of the hymn, it was correctly notated in the instrumental signs.

The complete roster of characters for both instrumental and vocal notation is as follows:

1. Vocal: $\bar{\cup}$, A', Γ' , Z', H', I', K', A', M', N', Ξ' , O', Δ , Δ , Φ , \ast , Φ , $\bar{\cup}$, A, B, Γ , Δ , E, Z, H, Θ , I, K, A, M, N, Ξ , O, Π , P, C, T, T, Φ , X, Ψ , Ω , V, R, Γ , ∇ , F, Z, H, I, \cap , Ξ , V, W, N, M, Q, Π , B, 3, $\bar{\cup}$, $\bar{\cup}$, $\bar{\cup}$, $\bar{\cup}$.

2. Instrumental: Γ , Δ , Γ , E, Ξ , Ξ , Z, λ , λ , H, H, H, K, Ξ , λ , N, I, λ , C, \cup , \cup , T, Γ , Δ , A, F, Ξ , Γ , H, Δ , Δ , Δ , V, Δ , M, λ , λ , Π , Π , Π , Ξ , ω , 3, F, Δ , $\bar{\cup}$, Ξ , Ξ , $\bar{\cup}$, $\bar{\cup}$, K', Ξ' , λ' , N', V, Γ' , Δ' , Δ , Δ' , V', Δ' , Z'.

Let us study these in detail, in order that the derivation of all the signs from the letters of the Greek alphabet

$\bar{\cup} \Phi X \Phi \Gamma \Delta \Gamma \Xi \bar{\cup} \Pi \Theta \Xi N W V \lambda I \Theta H Z \Xi \bar{\cup} \Gamma V$

may be made clear.

Since the number of tones for which symbols were required, far exceeded the number of letters in the alphabet, it was necessary to use, not only the letters in normal form and position, but also to resort to the devices of alteration of form or position, or both, and to the use of diacritical signs. A different method was employed for each kind of notation, as we shall show. For the present, however, we are concerned only with the forms of the characters.

I. VOCAL NOTATION

In this system, the tones lying within the range of the so-called Dorian decachord, were notated by the use of the letters in normal position, as indicated in the diagram.



The reason why the Greeks employed what seems to us an unnecessarily large number of signs will be considered presently. All other tones, both above and below the range of the decachord,

were notated by signs which were nothing but altered forms of the same familiar Greek letters. We may herewith summarise the vocal characters, as distributed to their respective classes:

1. Normal position:
 $\Lambda \text{ B } \Gamma \Delta \text{ E } \text{ Z } \text{ H } \Theta \text{ I } \text{ K } \Lambda \text{ M } \text{ N } \Xi \text{ O } \Pi \text{ P } \Sigma \text{ T } \text{ T } \Phi \text{ X } \Psi \Omega$
2. Reversed position:
 Υ , — that is, γ .
3. Recumbent position:
 $\imath, \kappa, \mu, \phi$, — that is, ι, κ, ξ, ϕ .
4. Recumbent reversed position:
 ϖ, ϱ , — that is, τ, υ .
5. Inverted position:
 $\text{V}, \nabla, \text{V}, \text{W}, \text{N}, \text{H}, \text{O}, \text{L}, \text{J}, \text{J}, \text{P}, \text{U}$, — that is, $\alpha, \delta, \lambda, \mu, \nu, \pi, \sigma, \tau, \upsilon, \psi, \omega$.
6. Mutilated:
 $\text{R}, \text{F}, \text{Z}, \text{cI}$, — that is, $\beta, \epsilon, \zeta, \eta$.
7. Mutilated — recumbent:
 c, c , — that is, θ, ϕ .
8. Doubled:
 z , — that is, σ .
9. With diacritical sign:
 $\text{Q}, *$, — that is, \circ, χ .
10. With the sign of the Octave:
 $\text{U}, \text{A}', \text{I}', \text{Z}', \text{H}', \text{I}', \text{K}', \text{A}', \text{M}', \text{N}', \text{Z}', \text{O}'$.

The characters notated with the sign of the octave (') were used to transcribe notes lying an octave above the notes represented by the corresponding signs undistinguished by the diacritical mark.

II. INSTRUMENTAL NOTATION

The instrumental notation, for which a hoary antiquity has quite without warrant been assumed, was invented somewhat later than the vocal, and derived directly from it. It makes use of nineteen characters:

Г, Е, Z, H, K, N, C, T, F, H, Δ , Π , ξ , κ , ζ , M, η , ϵ , ρ .

These characters were chosen quite at random from the entire series of vocal signs,—nine of them without change of form or position,—the rest, however, subjected to some necessary alteration. Even at a glance, the reader could not fail to identify all but one or two of them. For the sake of added clearness, however, we add the accompanying diagram:

1. Unaltered signs,—including three with the signs of the octave:

Γ, Ε, Ζ, Η, Κ, Ν, C, Τ, F, Ζ', Κ', Ν'.

2. Altered signs:

1. Recumbent: <, ≡, ≡, ≡, — that is, Δ, Π, Τ, Υ.

2. Reversed: Η, Ε, α, — that is, Η, 3, α.

3. Mutilated: Μ, — that is, Μ.

4. Mutilated — reversed: Ί, Ϛ, — that is, Δ, Ω.

The tonic notation was originally devised for the notation only of chromatic melodies, a fact which constituted further proof of its late origin, for the vogue of chromatic music was only beginning in the time of Aristoxenus. Yet it was not the invention of a musician, but of a musicologist, who set it to render fifteen transpositions of the so-called Complete Scale of Aristoxenus.



This Complete Scale, comprising the range of the average voice, and known as the Dorian or standard Key, was an expansion of the earlier scales of the Greek lyres,—the heptachord of the *Lydian barbit*, or bass lyre, the octochord of the amateur's instrument, and the scales of the *cithar* of the professionals, having nine, ten, or eleven strings.

Complete Scale: Diatonic



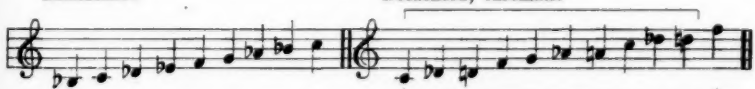
Barbit. Scale

Octochord



Enneachord

Decachord; chromatic



Complete Scale: Chromatic

Hendecachord chromatic



We have already observed that in the notation of the tones lying within the range of the decachord, the Greek musicologists used what seemed an unnecessarily large number of signs. This usage, which extended throughout the system, was due to an interpretation of the scale as formed of a series of overlapping tetrachords:



The practical effect of such an interpretation was the distribution of the signs in groups of three, as required for the notation of the so-called *pycna*, or chromatic sequences of semitones.

The distribution of characters for the notation of these chromatic sequences was not according to the same method for both kinds of notation. Thus, according to the vocal notation, sequences of tones were transcribed by complete or partial alphabetic sequences of signs. Complete alphabetic sequences were used wherever possible,—



otherwise, partial sequences, treated as if combined of groups of two complete sequences, in such a way that the resulting partial sequence included the first and third signs of the first sequence, and the first of the second:



In the instrumental notation, however, since the characters did not form an alphabetic sequence, a different method was necessary. Thus, musicians used sequences of form and position. This is evident from the notation of the tones lying within the range of the decachord:



Only the following signs were usable in the three positions,—

Γ, Ε, Κ, C, F, Η, Δ, Π, Σ, Ϝ, Ϛ.

forming the groups:

Γ Δ Γ, Ε Ε Ε, Κ Κ Κ, C C C, F F F, Η Η Η, Δ Δ Δ, Π Π Π, Σ Σ Σ, Ϝ Ϝ Ϝ, Ϛ Ϛ Ϛ.

In the case of Z, N, M, parts only of each sign were used to fill out the sequences, while in the case of Γ, changes in form and position were necessary. Lastly, H was used with a diacritical mark.

Z, λ, Δ, N / \, M, Δ, λ, Γ Δ Δ, Η Η Η

Such sequences of form and position of the same sign, corresponded tone for tone to the complete alphabetic sequences of the vocal notation. Otherwise, in the instrumental notation, those groups of semitones, corresponding in pitch-value to those notated in vocal notation by partial alphabetic sequences, were notated by groups of signs similarly made up of pairs of contiguous sequences. The accompanying diagrams will render this statement quite clear.

Instr.:	Π	Π	∇	∇	Δ	Δ	Η	Κ	Ο	Ο	C	Ϝ	Ϝ	F	Ϛ
Vocal:	Δ	Z	H	H	I	K	N	O	Π	Π	C	T	T	Φ	X

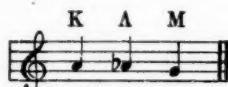


Though the tonic notation was devised for transcription of chromatic melodies, it was easily adapted for the notation also of

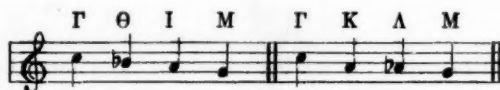
diatonic compositions. For this purpose, it was necessary only to combine certain parts of chromatic tetrachords to form diatonic sequences. This method may be illustrated by a diagram:



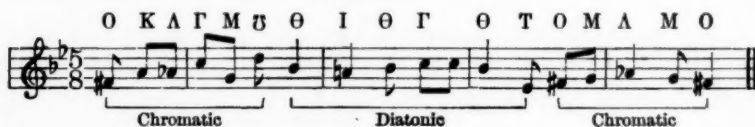
Moreover, it was possible by the notation to indicate at once in what genus, whether diatonic or chromatic, a melody was written. Thus, in the diatonic parts of the music of Ritual Hymn, A, whenever the note *a* occurs (fifteen times in all), it is rendered by I. Yet in the chromatic part, it is rendered once by I, ten times by K. The reason is that when the note is part of a chromatic sequence,—



it must be rendered by K, while in the diatonic, which has no sequences of consecutive semitones, this notation is impossible. Such is clear from the diagram:



When, therefore, in a chromatic passage, we find the symbol of a diatonic note, we detect a modulation:



In this phrase, for example, the change is from Dorian chromatic to Phrygian diatonic, and back again to Dorian chromatic.

Let us now expound the method by which we have transcribed our *corpus* of Greek music into modern notation.

We have no knowledge of the pitch-value of a single note in any of the scores. This fact, however, does not preclude an exact interpretation.

In the handbook of the musicographer Alypius is a diagram of the notation of the Aristoxenean Complete Scale in its fifteen transpositions. One of these, the Dorian, or standard Key, corresponded to the range of the average voice. Since we know the intervals of the scale, as described in the musicography, and further, that Aristoxenus accepted the principle of equal intonation, we can determine exactly the interval bounded by any two notes of a vocal score. Let us take the melody of the Aidin Epitaph.

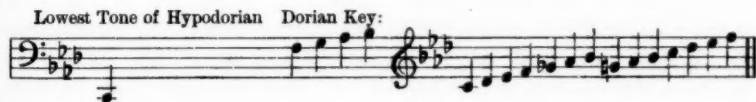
C Z̄ Z̄ KIZ Ī
 ΟΣΟΝ ΖΗΣ ΦΑΙΝΟΤ
 K̄ Ī Z̄ K̄ Ō C̄ Ō
 ΜΗΔΕΝ ΟΛΩΣ ΣΤ ΑΤΠΟΤ
 C K̄ Z̄ Ī K̄ Ī C̄ Ō
 ΠΡΟΣ ΟΛΙΓΟΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΟ ΖΗΝ
 C K̄ Ō Ī Z̄ K̄ C̄ C̄ X̄
 ΤΟ ΤΕΛΟΣ Ο ΧΡΟΝΟΣ ΑΠΑΙΤΕΙ

The key in which the music is written is found by inspection of the diagram of Alypius, to be the Ionian. In the accompanying diagram, the signs — and ~ are here added, to denote respectively, tone and semitone.

$$W-H \cup 7-L-X \cup \Phi-C-O-K \cup I-Z-A \cup \Omega-\Theta-O'$$

The interval between C and Z is thus seen to be a fifth in ascending order, that between Z and K, a minor third in descending order, and so on. It is necessary only to assume a pitch-value for C, in order to transcribe the whole score.

In making this assumption, we have been guided by the statement of Aristides, that the Dorian Key comprises the tones within the range of the average voice. We assume, then, for the lowest tone of the lowest Key, the Hypodorian, a value of contra-bass C. The range of the Dorian will then be that of the average baritone voice.



We may therefore assure ourselves of making but the least possible

transposition of the music out of the original key in which it was composed and sung.



FORGERIES OF GREEK MUSIC

Already in the post-classic period, attempts were made to palm off spurious antiques. Heraclides, an eccentric philosopher and bookworm, possessed of much knowledge and more conceit, wrote tragedies in the name of the dimly historical Thespis. Some lines of these tragedies are extant. As he was well informed on music and musicians of the Old Classic school, we may suppose that he was able to deceive some of his audience. Yet Spintharus, the father of Aristoxenus, finally exposed him for the liar and forger that he was.

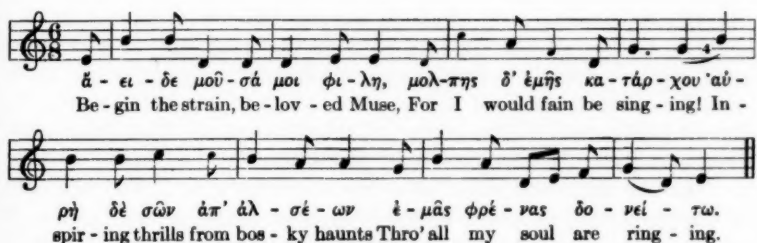
We have seven forgeries of Greek music, written in the tonic notation, and composed at some time between the fourth and the twelfth centuries of our era, by persons quite unacquainted with the grounds and rules of Greek melodies and melodic composition. Of these, one is a melody to the opening lines of Pindar's First Pythian Ode, published by Father Athanasius Kircher in 1649. Another, set to the opening lines of the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, was printed in 1724-6 by a noted Italian composer of church music, Benedetto Marcello. More famous, however, than either of these, are the four Hymns published in 1581 by Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the astronomer Galileo. These Hymns, addressed respectively to the Muse, to Calliope, to the Sun-God, and to Nemesis, were ascribed by Burette, in 1729, to Mesomedes, the court poet of Hadrian. Since, however, Burette's evidence is most unacceptably inconclusive, we cannot admit the authorship of Mesomedes, and have therefore designated the author as Pseudo-Mesomedes, in recognition of the fact that the Hymns have been so long associated with the name of Mesomedes. Lastly, in a late manuscript of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes two lines of the

play are arranged with music notes, the interpretation of which renders the following absurd result:



The one characteristic feature of these spurious melodies which conclusively stamps them as forgeries, is their pentachordal structure.

We have observed that in the construction of all melody, the Greek composer was directed by the interval of the fourth,—or, in other words, the tetrachord was the bed-rock of melodic composition. The unanimous testimony of scores and of musicography is to this effect, and establishes, as an inviolable rule, the close on the inferior dominant. There is not the slightest suggestion anywhere in the musicography, nor the least intimation in our scores of the Aidin Epitaph, the Ashmunen *Orestes*, and the two Ritual Hymns, that a close on the tonic was permissible under any circumstances. Yet in all of the forgeries under consideration,—excepting only the Pseudo-Aristophanes, which is not a melody at all,—the structure is distinctly pentachordal, with the close on the tonic. We may illustrate this fact with the melody to Pseudo-Mesomedes' Hymn to the Muse:



If now we place side by side, the closing phrases of the melody to the Aidin Epitaph, and one of the Dorian-Mixolydian passages of Ritual Hymn B, with those of the first three airs of Pseudo-Meso-

medes, the fundamental difference between genuine and spurious Greek music will be clear:

Aidin Epitaph

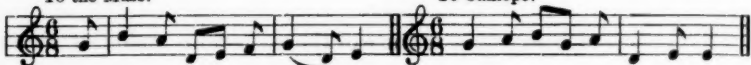


Ritual Hymn B, 94-6.



To the Muse.

To Calliope.



To the Sun.



There is also important evidence against these spurious melodies to be derived from examination of the notation. That is to say, the melodies of the Kircher-Pindar, the Marcello-Homer, and the Hymn to Nemesis, as well as the Pseudo-Aristophanes, are notated in a mixed notation, the characters of which are taken from both vocal and instrumental diagrams. In the case of the Marcello-Homer, we have two scores of the melody, the one notated in vocal, the other in instrumental signs. The melody of the Kircher-Pindar is transcribed in part by the vocal, in part by the instrumental signs. Yet the music to Pseudo-Mesomedes' Hymn to Nemesis, as we have it in the score, shows beyond a doubt that the composer was a mere forger of antiques, who knew the Greek notation only through the diagram of Alypius. In the eighteenth line of the Hymn, he once uses, instead of the vocal sign, the instrumental character. This was a natural error, since vocal and instrumental signs were written in the diagram in parallel columns. Our score truthfully records the *false note*, convicting the Pseudo-Mesomedes of forgery.

In the Kircher-Pindar, the case is even worse. Not only has the forger failed to observe the distinction between the two kinds of notation, but he has shown that he knew no more of the Greek language than he did of Greek melodies. That is, he has made his melody to end, not only before he reached the close of a stanza, but in the *middle of an unfinished sentence*. This is shown by the score:

̣ ̣ Γ ̣ I ̣ Γ ̣ I ̣ Γ ̣ I M I ̣ I
 M I ̣ Γ ̣ Γ ̣ Γ ̣ Γ ̣ I ̣ Γ ̣ I ̣ Γ ̣ M I M
 V V < V N Z N V < Z N V V < ̣ ̣ ̣ ̣
 ̣ < ̣ V N Z V < < V V < ̣ <
 ̣ V ̣ N Z N V < ̣ < ̣

Tonic Dominant Ecclesiastical Dorian

The pentachordal structure of this melody, with its close on the tonic, may be compared with the tetrachordal structure of one of the Dorian melodies in Ritual Hymn A.

KIRCHER-PINDAR

Dominant
Tonic

RITUAL HYMN A

Tonic
Dominant

As the latter is in the Greek Dorian, with the required close on the inferior dominant, the melody of the Kircher-Pindar is in the ecclesiastical Dorian, having a tonic close.

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